The Outlook

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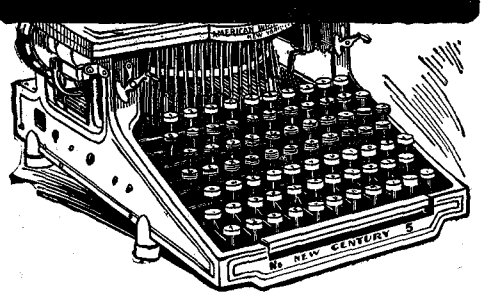

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The Outlook

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The Situation in Peking

The cable despatches from China the past week have been unsatisfactory reading to one who wishes to get a clear view of actual conditions, not so much because they have been meager as because they have been contradictory and often obviously the merest rumor—as, for instance, the absurd despatch from Chifu on Saturday stating that Germany, Russia, and Japan were about to unite in declaring war against China and in requesting England and the United States to withdraw their troops. It is certain that the assault on Peking was precipitated a day earlier than intended by the renewal of attacks on the legations by the Chinese, with the severest firing of the whole siege, although, with habitual duplicity, the Tsungli-Yamen had on that very day sent word to the Foreign Ministers that they had strictly forbidden such firing and would court-martial any who disobeyed. Admiral Remey cabled that the American troops were the first to enter the Imperial City. The Japanese set a guard about three of the gates to this inner or forbidden city, and it is doubtful whether that part of Peking has been actually occupied by the allies, or whether, the resistance inside having been quelled, the allies are holding the inner city guarded for future action. Dr. Morison, the London "Times's" correspondent, who was the first to get through an intelligible account of the siege of the legations, last week cabled, "Peking is now entirely under foreign control," adding, "Looting is proceeding systematically." This may possibly refer to looting by the Chinese themselves, which other despatches have mentioned; it is fervently hoped that the soldiers of the Powers have been kept under restraint, and that such demoralizing scenes as marked the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1860 by the English and French have not been permitted. The whereabouts of the Empress Dowager and Emperor are not absolutely known, but opinion is gaining strength that they have fled to Hsianfu in Shensi. The American loss in the fighting of August 14 and 15, when Peking was carried, was only six killed (including Captain Reilly, of the Fifth Artillery) and about thirty wounded. The first despatch from Minister Conger began: "Saved. Relief arrived to-day [despatch undated]. Entered city with little trouble." Another significant sentence in a despatch (August 19) from Mr. Conger is: "No representatives of the Chinese Government in sight in Peking; conditions chaotic." Even more significant are his statements that "the whole movement is purely a governmental one; the Boxers are only a pretense."

❀

More Fighting Probable

The capture of Peking by no means implies that the Powers have no more fighting before them. The Chinese in this war have constantly done the unexpected thing. The resistance offered to Admiral Seymour surprised those who thought the Chinese were cowardly and ill-armed; at Peitsang the allies found a Chinese army with better guns than their own, who fought bravely and desperately, and killed and wounded twelve hundred of their enemies. By this time the world began to expect effective fighting on the part of the Chinese; the surprise was equally great, then, at the feeble resistance and apparent panic of the Chinese forces all the way from Peitsang to Peking. But now that Peking is captured and the Manchu Government has fled, the cable despatches tell us that large bodies of the best Chinese troops are again invading the country south and west of Peking, and Japanese officers

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even think that the Chinese are about to attack Peking. Large reinforcements have reached Taku, but further reinforcements are now being called for. On Tuesday morning of this week an unconfirmed and improbable rumor from St. Petersburg asserts that the allies in Peking have been defeated with a loss of 1,800. The Russians are steadily advancing southward with a large army, but are meeting resistance; they have occupied two more towns on the Amoor River, and have refused a request from China for a suspension of hostilities. Germany, also, in several ways has given indication that she expects to carry on an extensive campaign against China, and reports have been rife during the week that both Russia and Germany will act in the final settlement independently of the other Powers.

❀

International Relations The facts just stated foreshadow inevitable difficulties in the final settlement of the Chinese question. Talk of withdrawing American troops is at present premature. Our Government has done well, however, to make still clearer its disavowal of territorial greed, and its purpose only to secure order and safety, present and future, for Americans in China. The landing of a French armed force at Swatow, of the British in the Yangtse region, and of the Japanese at Amoy, *may* mean nothing more than this on the part of France, England, and Japan, but it at least is questionable in intention. The United States is acting in the line of its professions in issuing a circular-note to the Powers suggesting immediate arrangements to bring about harmonious action. So also is it moving in the right direction when it refuses to negotiate with Li-Hung-Chang while it is yet uncertain what authority he has, what constitutes the present Chinese Government or what is its capital, and while Chinese troops are still making war against us. So, too, an offer by the Viceroys of Nankin and Wuchang to safeguard foreigners if the allies would guarantee certain things has not been received with favor, because the time has not come to make pledges. It has been followed by a threat from the Viceroy of Hankow to resist any attempt to extort territory or to interfere with the armies of the various viceroys—a natural enough position for him to take, and one which shows the necessity of an understanding among the allies about future purposes and acts. Practically, there is no Government in China to-day; the great problem is to establish or recognize a Government with which we can deal.

❀

The War in South Africa Lord Roberts is once more carrying out one of his rapid and exceedingly active movements. His strategy in South Africa from the beginning has seemed to consist of sudden rushes followed by intervals of some length, during which the country newly taken possession of is pacified and cleared of the enemy. He is now at the front himself, moving apparently against Botha's forces northeast of Pretoria. On Sunday he was engaged with the Boers, he reports, "over a perimeter of thirty miles" near Belfast; and was stubbornly opposed. He says the Boers are making a determined stand in country well suited to their tactics. General Roberts's advance is in three columns, one under the command of General Buller and one under General French. General Olivier, called by Lord Roberts the moving Boer spirit in the southeastern portion of the Orange River district, has been captured. A Boer attack on Winburg has been repulsed. The Boers have scored a success during the week by the capture of a detachment of British soldiers numbering one hundred or more; on the other hand, General Baden-Powell is reported to have released at least an equal number of British prisoners. General De Wet appears to have abandoned the intention of moving to the northeast of Pretoria and joining General Botha, if, indeed, he has ever had such an intention, and is now believed again to be west of Pretoria, and possibly south of the Vaal River. Opinion even in London is divided as to the expediency of the execution of Lieutenant Cordua, who met his fate bravely. There is no doubt that he conspired to abduct General Roberts, but the conspiracy was a clumsy and futile undertaking, and it is, we believe, admitted that Lieutenant Cordua was purposely led into it by a British agent who schemed to entrap him; these circumstances seem to many to have made the case one where leniency

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would have been a graceful act; on the other hand, Lord Roberts probably holds that a severe and striking lesson is needed to prevent some Boers from engaging in secret conspiracies and violating the oaths they have taken to abstain from hostility.

❀

Mr. Bryan to the Populists

Mr. Bryan's address at Topeka last week accepting the nomination of the Populists took up all the issues upon which the Democrats and Populists are united, and emphasized their number. The silver issue was presented first, but not given the first importance. Mr. Bryan tacitly admitted that the need of the remonetization of silver to increase the currency is not at present so great as it was four years ago. His most characteristic sentence on this subject was as follows: "If an increase in the volume of the currency since 1896, although unpromised by the Republicans, and unexpected, has brought improvement in industrial conditions, this improvement, instead of answering the arguments put forth in favor of bimetallism, only confirms the contention of those who insisted that more money would make better times." There was no discussion of the question of ratio, but instead there was a sharp attack upon the Republican party for its alleged abandonment of bimetallism and readiness to retire the greenbacks and give over the issuing of paper money to the banks. Turning to other questions, Mr. Bryan gave a few words each to the income tax, the abridgment of "government by injunction," the more frequent resort to direct legislation, the enlargement of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the creation of a Department of Labor with a Cabinet representative, and the direct election of United States Senators. To the trusts a good deal of space was given, Mr. Bryan urging that there was no inconsistency between the Democratic and Populist demand for an increase in the currency to raise prices in all industries, and their opposition to the trusts, which raise prices in certain industries at the expense of others. The issue presented last, however, was declared to be the first in importance. The colonial policy of the Administration was alleged to involve not only the quadrupling of the standing army, the increased taxation of the masses, and the diverting of public attention from domestic reforms to foreign entanglements, but also the repudiation of the basic principle of democracy, and loss of America's influence on the side of popular government throughout the world. "When such an issue is raised," said Mr. Bryan, "there can be only two parties—the party, whatever its name be, which believes in a republic, and a party, whatever its name, which believes in an empire; and the influence of every citizen is, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, thrown upon one side or the other." This came very near being a call for a realignment of voters upon an issue which did not exist when the Populist party was organized. Whether or not it will seriously divide the party cannot now be determined. With a close approach to unanimity (92 to 3), the Populist National Committee has accepted Mr. Stevenson as its Vice-Presidential candidate.

❀

Minor Political News

During the past fortnight each of the National Committees has been giving out lists of prominent men who have changed their party allegiance because of the new issues of the pending campaign. The list of accessions to the Republican party consists largely of Silver Republicans from the mining States, and includes Senator Stewart, of Nevada, ex-Senator Mantle, of Montana, and six of the eight Colorado delegates who bolted from the Republican National Convention in 1896. Senator Teller and Mr. Williams, the negro delegate, are the only two members of the bolting delegation from Colorado who remain in the Silver Republican party. The Democratic list, with the exception of John J. Valentine, of San Francisco, the President of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, consists almost entirely of men from the Central and Eastern States. The most prominent names are those of Senator Wellington, of Maryland, ex-Secretary Schurz, of New York, and ex-Secretary Boutwell, of Massachusetts. Several men in the Democratic list have as yet gone no further than to state that they will oppose President McKinley, leaving their support of Mr. Bryan to be inferred. Of the State Conventions last

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week the most important, perhaps, was that of the Union or Addicks Republicans in Delaware; they indorsed the electoral ticket of the Regulars and empowered the management of the faction to effect a fusion with the Regulars upon the candidates for other offices. In Wisconsin the Democrats adopted a platform condemning the present caucus system of nominations, and virtually indorsing the system of direct primaries which the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. La Follette, has for years championed. The Democratic platform also demanded a revision of the tax laws by which all property within the State, whether corporate or individual, should be taxed equitably and without discrimination. This also is a reform which Mr. La Follette has championed, so that the campaign must be fought entirely upon National issues. The Democrats nominated for Governor Louis G. Bohmrich, a prominent German lawyer, and put the emphasis of the platform upon militarism. In New York State Mr. Odell, for several years Senator Platt's chief lieutenant, has been agreed upon as the Republican nominee for Governor. In the Democratic ranks ex-Senator Hill and State Chairman McGuire are fighting to secure the nomination of Comptroller Coler, while Mr. Croker and ex-Senator Murphy are fighting to prevent this nomination. If it should be made in spite of Tammany opposition, the Ramapo issue would be pushed to the front, and more split tickets would be voted than have been polled in years.

❀

Mob Violence The lawlessness at Akron, in Ohio, last week, like that at Urbana in the same State three years ago, and like that in New York City two weeks ago, shows that race hatred, followed by indiscriminate violence and defiance to established authority, may take the same course in the North as in the South. In the Akron case a negro who had been charged (and we judge truly charged) with an atrocious crime was promptly arrested and imprisoned. There was no reason to suspect that the full rigor of the law would not be applied, and if the law does not provide a sufficiently severe punishment for an offense it rests with the people through the Legislature to change such law. Yet a mob of perhaps fifteen hundred people, many of them ordinarily peaceful and law-abiding citizens, attacked the Akron City Hall, which contained a jail, although they had been assured that the prisoner was not there, and the authorities had even allowed two committees of the mob to search the premises. Dynamite-sticks were thrown into the building, which was almost totally destroyed, together with one adjoining, while during the reckless and really aimless rifle-shooting two little children, a boy of eleven and a girl of four, were shot and killed. In the eye of the law and in the light of common sense these children were murdered as truly as if their deaths had been designed. They and the eighteen or twenty men who were wounded, one it is thought fatally, were the victims of that spirit of lawless vengeance so easy to arouse, so difficult to restrain even within the bounds marked out for it by its own purpose. However much human nature may be willing to excuse to passion aroused by atrocious crime and to the craving for the immediate and certain punishment of the wrong-doer, it must never be forgotten that the brutalizing effect of lynching on the community and the resulting loss of respect for law and order are permanent and permeating influences for evil.

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Negro Business Men The Convention of "The National Negro Business League" held in Boston last week brought together upwards of a hundred delegates, representing over twenty different States. The members of the Convention made an excellent impression upon the representatives of the Boston press, both by their appearance and the intellectual quality of the speeches. The League was organized upon the initiative of Booker T. Washington, and his common-sense philosophy permeated most of the addresses. Had these been made at a gathering of white leaders, they might justly be condemned as materialistic. Indeed, one of them, glorifying the "almighty dollar" as the "new king that has been born," should be so condemned. But in the main the emphasis put upon the acquiring of property sprang from the desire to lift up the manhood of the

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negro race; for there is a moral difference between the advocacy of money-getting to secure independence and the advocacy of money-getting to secure power. Economic independence is to-day as much needed for the further advancement of the negro race as was emancipation from slavery for the advance which the present generation has witnessed. Even so uncompromising an opponent of materialism as Mr. William Lloyd Garrison recognized this and emphasized it in his address to the Convention: "The particular word I wish to leave with you," he said, "is this: Aim to be your own employers as speedily as possible. If you are farmers, do not rest until you control the land from which you gain your living. If you are mechanics or traders, seek first to own a home without a mortgage, foregoing many desirable things until you are free from debt. Independence and debt cannot long keep company. But, in the South, as in the North, possession of honestly earned property will surely bring respect and increase personal security." Among the negro speakers were several men who have been remarkably successful—among others, a slave of Jefferson Davis, who is now Mayor of his little town in Mississippi. The speeches of some of these men telling of their early struggles were full of encouragement to negroes everywhere. The fact that some negroes have succeeded in business, as well as the fact that some have succeeded in literature and art, forces all men to distinguish between negroes and negroes, and opens the door of opportunity to all negroes who aspire.

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London's "Tuppenny Tube"

During the long agitation in this city for the municipal construction of an underground railway system, the objection most persistently urged was the fact that the old underground railway in London was dark and uncomfortable. The advocates of the New York underground had great difficulty in convincing the public that the disagreeable features of the London system were in no way essential to underground transit, and that they were being successfully avoided in the new lines which London was constructing. Now the new underground system connecting the original City of London with the West End has been opened to the public, and the claims of its friends have been abundantly fulfilled. The London correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" describes in the following language the contrast between the new system and the old: "The old underground," he says, "may be counted the dismalest place out of Tophet. You approach it by murky, grimy, and sulphurous stations; your third-class compartment is little better than a horse-box, and usually carries twice the number of persons it is intended to accommodate. Your second class is practically the third class with a piece of carpet on the seat, and your first class does not rival in comfort the third class of the great lines. The traveling is through stuffy tunnels, and detestably slow. The new underground is in no sense a rival. The stations will bear looking upon, being architecturally pleasing to the eye. The interiors are lined with white tile, and there are lifts (elevators) to take one down to the platform. As for the trains, they are a revelation. There is but one class, and that is first. The seats are armed chairs, so that there can be no overcrowding. The trains are lighted and driven by electricity. The fare is 'tuppence' for any distance, and as the railway is built on the tubular system, the cockney has already dubbed it the 'Tuppenny Tube.'" The great success of this new line in London, following the success of the short subway in Boston, ought to dissipate all doubt as to the future of the underground system which the city of New York has set about to construct. According to the view of Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, of the New York Rapid Transit Commission, who is now in London, the New York system will be as attractive as that of London, and far more rapid. Mr. Smith's statement respecting speed, as cabled to the Associated Press, is as follows:

> The distance from the Bank of England to Shepherd's Bush is 400 yards short of six miles. This is covered in twenty-five minutes, including thirteen stops. This is done by means of two single-track tubes, which, of course, prevents the running of express trains. The New York line will contain four tracks, and express trains will run from the City Hall to the northernmost end of the island [twelve miles] in from eighteen to nineteen minutes.

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Education in Porto Rico In the public schools of San Juan there have been during the past year nine or ten American teachers, and forty more American teachers are scattered through the public schools of the island. Although these public-school teachers are not necessarily agents of religion in general and of Protestantism in particular, they have exercised a silent, perhaps, but in many cases an equally great religious influence with that of the missionaries themselves. The educational influence which has been introduced into the island during the past year must have a singularly far-reaching effect. Of the million inhabitants of Porto Rico, only one-tenth can read or write, and no less than eighty-five per cent. of the adult population is illiterate. The public and private schools so far established in Porto Rico can accommodate but thirty thousand of the two hundred thousand children from five to sixteen years of age. For educational purposes Porto Rico is divided into fourteen districts, each with an American supervisor in charge of from thirty to forty schools. These supervisors are obliged to journey continually, riding horseback over poor roads and poorer mountain-trails in their inspection of the schools and of the native teachers. All reports from the island indicate that the children there are showing themselves as bright as American children, so far as perception and memory are concerned. They prove weak in the department of mathematics, however, and they do not seem to be naturally good reasoners or thinkers; but they are anxious to come to school, and will sacrifice much to get sufficient wearing apparel to make as good an appearance as other children. Before and after school children may be seen roaming the streets barefooted and ragged and dirty, but all reports indicate that they do not come to school in this condition; they save their shoes and their clothes for school, and are seen there usually fairly clean and fairly well dressed. Our teachers also report interesting indications of a tropical temper. The children show little power of self-control. They are very sensitive, they are easily offended, and their lack of will-power and perseverance is pathetic; on the other hand, they are instantly grateful for any service rendered, and the teachers report that never in the United States have they received so many little tokens of appreciation and respect.

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The Census Returns The census reports given out last week fully establish our generalization that the population of our cities has increased less rapidly during the past decade than during the decade preceding. The returns for the principal cities thus far published are as follows:

Cities.	1900.	1890.	Per cent. Increase of Increase.	Increase 1880 to 1890.
Greater New York.	3,437,202	2,492,591	38	31
Chicago	1,698,575	1,099,850	54	108
Philadelphia	1,293,697	1,046,964	24	24
St. Louis	575,238	451,770	27	28
Cleveland	381,768	261,355	46	63
Buffalo	352,219	255,664	38	65
Cincinnati	325,902	296,908	10	16
Pittsburg	321,616	238,617	35	53
New Orleans	287,104	242,039	14	12
Milwaukee	285,315	204,486	40	77
Washington	278,718	230,392	21	56
Newark	246,070	181,830	35	33
Jersey City	206,433	163,003	27	36
Louisville	204,731	161,129	27	30
Minneapolis	202,718	164,738	23	250
Providence	175,597	132,146	33	26
Indianapolis	169,164	105,436	60	40
Kansas City	163,752	132,716	23	138
St. Paul	163,632	133,156	23	225
Rochester	162,435	133,896	21	50
Toledo, O	131,822	81,434	62	54
Allegheny	129,896	105,207	23	34
Columbus, O	125,560	88,150	42	71
Omaha	102,555	140,425	—27	360

New York is the only one of the great cities which is reported to have increased more rapidly in population than during the preceding decade, and this report only recalls the belief in scientific circles ten years ago that the census of 1890 understated its population. It is very easy, in a great city with a large floating population and a still larger population of recent immigrants in overcrowded tenements, to omit from the rolls thousands who should be counted, and New York probably suffered in that way in 1890. It is not, however, so easy to account for the over-enumeration which seems to have taken place in Omaha in 1890. Even if all the transients were counted and the hotel records copied for months back, it is difficult to understand how the enumerators in 1890 found 140,000 people where today there are only 102,000. The people of Omaha were not sensible of a decline in population, the Omaha "Bee" of August 22 anticipating that the new census would show an increase of over twenty thousand. The new figures, however, must be accepted as accurate, for no census bureau would report that a city had lost

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forty thousand people unless it was prepared to support its statement. The people of Omaha probably wish that the preceding census had not given them such an exalted pre-eminence in the matter of rapid growth. Their actual gain in twenty years—from 30,000 to 102,000—is something to boast of, but the reported loss of forty thousand in one decade will compel real estate men to explain.

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Offensive Advertisements

Americans who have followed the campaign of "Scapa," the English society against advertising disfigurement, will be interested in the news of another minor victory. Following its vote prohibiting flashlight advertisements where they "cause danger to traffic"—noted in a recent issue of The Outlook—the London County Council has voted also to prohibit transparent advertisements upon the windows of its own (the municipal) tramcars. The setting of an example so greatly needed will commend itself on purely practical grounds to every American visitor to London. Perhaps in no other big city is it so difficult to disentangle the lettering of its destination from the maze of advertising announcements on a public conveyance as it is in the case of a London 'bus. Many objections were urged to the prohibition, some of them amusingly puerile. For instance, it was contended that London streets are so ugly that people having occasion to ride through them do not wish to see any more of them than is absolutely necessary. Thus the transparent advertisement upon the street-car window was a relief by what it shut out, a blessing in disguise. More seriously, it was urged that these advertisements brought in an income of £1,500 a year, which the Council was not justified in sacrificing to gratify an æsthetic "fad." To this a conclusive practical answer was made. It has been found on actual trial that wherever the æsthetic taste of passengers has been considered, the popularity of the cars was increased, as shown by the increase of patronage. This has been the experience of Glasgow, Oldham, Blackburn, Hull, Liverpool, Bolton, and Halifax—facts which have convinced Sheffield, whose corporation recently voted to allow no advertisements on its new cars. The London County Council has now gone, probably, as far as it can in the matter of regulating offensive advertisements until it has obtained special powers from Parliament similar to those obtained by Edinburgh. Application may be made for a private act giving the Council power of control. Its æsthetic activity was recently stimulated by the presentation of a protest, signed by more than three hundred London architects, against the growing fashion of disfiguring buildings with monstrous letters and other devices. In this connection it may be interesting to add, as some attention has been called to the matter apropos of the Paris Exposition, that in France no advertisements can be put on public property without a license, and that all exposed advertisements are subject to a small tax. An American who has just returned from a year's residence in rural France, during which he traveled extensively in the provinces, gives this testimony: "There is in France no such outrageous disfigurement of beautiful scenery for advertising purposes as one finds here at home. Such advertising is confined to the line of the railways, and is much more noticeable as one approaches the city of Paris."

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The Northfield Conference

The three weeks' sessions closed August 20 with all-day meetings in the interest of missions, foreign, home, and city. The English preachers have gone home, and Mr. Sankey has sailed to meet a long list of appointments in Great Britain. Mr. William R. Moody, as successor to his father in the chairmanship of the Conference, has fully justified his father's wisdom in committing to him that position and overruling his natural hesitancy in accepting it. The attractiveness of the young people's meetings has secured them a permanent place in the Conference programme. Of special interest are the statements made of the Christian Endeavor work in prisons. Twenty-five Christian Endeavor societies now exist among prisoners in eleven States. In the State prison of Kentucky the Christian Endeavor Society reports 400 members among a total of 1,300 convicts. The reports of prison chaplains set high value

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upon the results of this work in permanent reformations of character. The "Tenth Legion," the designation of that group of Endeavorers who have joined in devoting one-tenth of their income to the various interests of Christian benevolence, now numbers 17,000. Another group, known as the "Macedonian Phalanx" (in allusion to the call in Acts xvi., 9, 10, for missionary work in Macedonia), aiming to promote individual interest in missions, has sprung up and made promising progress during the past year. The Post-Conference began its supplementary series of meetings August 21, under the lead of Dr. H. G. Weston, of Crozer Theological Seminary, who lectured during the week on Biblical interpretation and the four Gospels. The attendance continues to be large.

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The Missionaries in China The relief of Peking and the opening of some other sources of information now make it possible to obtain information about the foreign missionaries who have been in serious danger in different parts of China. There seems to be no question that the reported massacre at Paotingfu (about seventy miles southwest of Peking) actually took place. At this town were missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board and several other organizations. It is not absolutely certain which of the missionaries were in Paotingfu and which of them had escaped before the massacre took place, but there is great reason to fear that when full accounts reach this country they will show a lamentable loss of noble lives. A letter from Chifu to Dr. Judson Smith, of the American Board, recently received from Mr. Henry D. Porter, gives an interesting view of the recent occurrences in China. Mr. Porter says that the Presbyterian Christians (natives) in the Eastern districts are being horribly persecuted, and that it is a great mistake to suppose that the outbreak is "simply a Manchu frenzy." He says that the native Chinese are as bigoted as the Manchurians, and that not the slightest confidence should be placed in the men governing the provinces. He adds: "Li-Hung-Chang and Chang-Chi-Tung are men incapable of sincerity. Their sole purpose can be to prevent dissolution. The vast Government is worthless; there are none who can assume control." An important despatch is that received by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in this city. It is dated Peking, August 20, and reads as follows: "North China Christians surviving slaughter destitute, homeless; send immediate help, thank offering, Peking." It is signed by Dr. Wherry, of the Presbyterian Mission, Mr. Hobart, of the Methodist Mission, and Dr. A. H. Smith, of the American Board. In response to this touching appeal a special call for funds will be widely circulated among the churches; and it is urgently hoped that Americans, without regard to church affiliations, will come quickly and liberally to the aid of those who have suffered and are still suffering so much in the cause of Christianity. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Charles W. Hand, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Dr. Hale's Associate Those who saw the letter from Dr. Edward Everett Hale printed in last week's Outlook will not need assurance that he is still abounding in activity, in wide interest in human affairs, and in singularly attractive originality in the "art of putting things." The appointment of Professor Edward Cummings, of Harvard, to the associate pastorate of the South Church in Boston does not mean that Dr. Hale retires from active work, but that he is to have efficient aid where it will best enable him to continue his efforts for human betterment in the large sense. Dr. Hale will remain with the South Church, over which he has been minister for nearly forty-five years, as pastor emeritus. Professor Cummings has had a training which particularly well fits him for joint work with Dr. Hale; he was graduated from Harvard and entered the Divinity School, but left the formal course uncompleted in order to pursue special studies in social science, and spent three years in Europe reading and gathering facts on sociological topics. In 1891 Mr. Cummings became instructor in sociology at Harvard, and, later, professor of sociology and an editor of the "Quarterly Journal of Economics." An illustration of the practical character of his work in social economics is seen in the fact that it was through his

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suggestion that Massachusetts adopted the advanced plan of allowing prisoners of the class usually confined to work out their fines, to work, instead, at home or at shops, under suitable inspection and probation. An account of this system was given in The Outlook for December 16 last.

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Presbyterian Revision It will be remembered that at the last General Assembly, held at St. Louis in May of the present year, a Committee of Fifteen was appointed by the Moderator, consisting of eight ministers and seven elders, for the purpose of inquiry into the sentiment of the Church with regard to the entire subject of the proposed restatement of the doctrines embodied in the Westminster Confession of Faith. This Committee has been holding sessions in Saratoga during the present month, and has prepared a statement on the subject which will be submitted to all the Presbyteries to consider at their autumn sessions. It was part of the design of the General Assembly, as shown by its resolutions, that the Presbyteries should individually take action on the matter, and should report that action to the Committee of the General Assembly. The statement now put forth by that Committee asks certain direct questions, the replies to which will put the whole matter in clear form so far as the opinions and wishes of the Presbyteries go. They are asked whether they desire a revision of the Confession of Faith, or wish to dismiss the whole subject, leaving the Confession as it is, without change of any kind. If, however, the Presbyteries desire some change, they are asked to state whether they wish, first, a revision; second, a supplemental and explanatory statement; or, third, a supplement in the way of a briefer statement of the doctrines "most surely believed among us," expressing in simple language "the faith of the Church in loyalty to the system of doctrine contained in Holy Scripture and held by the Reformed Churches." Those of the Presbyteries which desire some action are also requested to state definitely in what direction and to what extent revision should be undertaken, if revision is favored, or, if an explanatory statement is desired, what specific points of the Confession the explanation should cover.

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British Wesleyans The recent annual meeting of the Wesleyan Conference shows as vigorous life in British as in American Methodism. For the third successive year over two million dollars are to be expended in church-building. Ninety-five new chapels are to be erected, forty-five of them in places where there have been none of the Wesleyan order. The Twentieth Century Fund for the promotion and enlargement of church enterprises has already reached the sum of $4,000,000—nearly four-fifths of the proposed amount of a million guineas. This Conference, which includes the whole of the United Kingdom except Ireland, closely resembles the Annual Conferences of American Methodists in its regulation of local matters, while also legislating for the whole body, like the General Conference. Most of a day was given to the scrutiny of a list of 114 candidates for the ministry, twenty-seven of whom were declined, one withdrawn, and the rest ordained. A marked contrast to the sentiment of American Methodists appears in the refusal again given this year to the repeatedly presented proposition to exclude from office in the Church persons connected with the liquor traffic. There were but nine votes against a motion to side-track it by taking up the order of the day. The Sacraments received special attention. The report of a special committee on the better administration of the Lord's Supper issued in a resolution to prepare for general circulation, and especially for new members coming into the Church, a cheap popular treatise on the subject. The preparation of it has been intrusted to Professor W. T. Davison. The report of another committee on the relation of baptized children to the Church gave rise to an animated discussion. While this was precluded by the time-limit from reaching a clear conclusion, preponderant expression was given to the opinion that all children should be claimed for Christ as the Saviour of all, and that "all should be baptized in his name." In this the Wesleyans are true to their Anglican extraction. The late Dr. Dale adopted this

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view, though not without strong dissent among his Congregational brethren. The "Wesley Guild" shows, like its American congener, the Epworth League, a vigorous growth, so that a permanent secretary has been appointed for its management, but not without criticism of its alleged over-emphasis on social and recreative as compared with spiritual interests. The decadence of the class-meeting is in England, as here, a subject of increasing perplexity. Accordingly, a special committee has been raised to consider the best means of providing for the training and equipment of class-leaders, and augmenting their number.

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Commerce of the Philippines

The War Department has issued a carefully prepared statement of the commerce of the Philippine Islands with various nations during the seven months ending with January, 1900. During this period the aggregate of imports was over $14,000,000, and the aggregate of exports was less than $10,000,000—the excess of imports being due, in part, to the foreign goods used by our soldiers. Classified by the countries from which the imports were received and to which the exports were sent, the aggregates for the more important countries were as follows:

	Imports from.	Exports to.
China.....	$5,674,000	$2,511,000
United Kingdom....	2,316,000	2,355,000
United States.....	888,000	2,155,000
Spain.....	1,436,000	765,000
British East Indies..	1,086,000	445,000

The principal exports from the islands were raw materials, and the principal imports were manufactured goods. Of the latter, cotton goods ranked easily first, over three million dollars' worth being imported. Next to cotton came drugs and chemicals to the value of half a million; glassware to the value of four hundred thousand; paper and books to the value of three hundred thousand each; and wine, beer, spirits, and wheat flour to the value of two hundred thousand each. The only important agricultural product imported was rice, of which nearly two million dollars' worth was brought in from China. The exports of the islands are made chiefly of three items—hemp, sugar, and tobacco. During the seven months under review four and a half million dollars' worth of hemp were exported, and about one and a half million dollars' worth of sugar and tobacco. During the last six years the imports into the islands have increased about one-third.

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The Real Peril

It is not a matter of regret that the political campaign shows so little evidence of general excitement and such marked absence of bitterness of feeling. It is quite customary to judge of the importance of political campaigns by the amount of electricity in the air, although, as a matter of fact, the accumulation of heat is rarely turned into light. As a rule, the more heat in a campaign the less light; and what is needed is light and not heat. The great departure in the evolution of the American system which was declared in The Outlook of last week to be the paramount issue needs clear discernment of fact and cool and dispassionate thought. Nothing would be gained, and much would be lost, if there were widespread excitement and the air were full of clamorous outcries. Four years ago The Outlook declared that it was futile to attempt to defeat Mr. Bryan by fastening opprobrious epithets to his name; it is equally futile in this campaign to denounce Mr. McKinley as a tyrant, a usurper, an unscrupulous self-seeker, who is slowly but surely consolidating his power by encroachment upon the privileges of the people whom he governs. These charges are so grotesque, in view of Mr. McKinley's well-known character, as to be broadly humorous; they belong to the illustrated newspapers, not to the domain of public discussion.

The fact of expansion and the policy of expansion are realities which are clear to every intelligent American; but the thing called Imperialism, about which so much is being said at present, is a thing of the imagination; it has no reality, and for that reason it has failed to make any wide impression on the American people. Whatever may be the faults of the American people, they have an instinct for fact, and while they may be often deluded, and sometimes for considerable periods of time, they are rarely perplexed by specters. The question whether or not the army shall be

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increased to one hundred thousand men is debatable; there are good reasons to be urged against it; but to declare that the liberties of the country are to be endangered by such an increase is to take the discussion out of the realm of fact into that of pure fancy. If the liberties of this country, after a hundred and twenty-five years of national existence, and fifteen hundred years of English political education, are to be endangered by an army of a hundred thousand men, it is time that another basis were put under those liberties. The real danger in this country is not from a conception of the Nation which spells it with a capital N, nor from a strong government either in the State capitals or at Washington; the real danger, as The Outlook said editorially several weeks ago, is from weakness of government. Lawlessness has been one of the chief vices of American life from the earliest times in our history. It was the prevalence of lawlessness and the extent of the lawless classes in the country that made Hamilton the advocate of a strong central government. It is the prevalence of lawlessness that, more than anything else except the development of rings and bosses, has misinterpreted American public life and the American spirit to the peoples of Europe. A country in which the recent riots in New Orleans and New York, the forcible control of the political campaign by armed men in North Carolina, the destruction of public buildings by a mob in Akron, Ohio, last week, are possible, is in far greater danger from the mob than it is from the army or the Executive. The peril to liberty in this country is real, but it does not come from so-called Imperialism; it comes from the fear of the mob and the weakness of executive officers in the presence of the mob. Among all the tyrants, none is more brutal than the mob; and in this country the mob, even in old communities, is often, for considerable periods of time, the real ruler.

The safeguards needed in this country are not safeguards against too much government, but against lawlessness. We need sheriffs, mayors, governors, and presidents who are not afraid of citizens who have put them into office when those citizens are organized for the purpose of breaking the law and committing deeds of violence. We need men who will not hesitate to put down a mob with a strong hand; men whose first concern it is, with absolute indifference to friend or foe, to maintain in New Orleans, North Carolina, New York, Akron, and St. Louis, that order the preservation of which is the first instinct of men of English blood and English political training. Nothing has brought greater reproach on American institutions than the frequent outbreaks of lawlessness in many parts of the country which have sometimes been met, as they ought always to be met, with prompt and stern upholding of the law by adequate means, but more often by evasion, delay, indecision, and sometimes cowardice. The real servant of the people is the executive who is not afraid of the men who elected him when it comes to a question between order and disorder. So long as negroes are hunted in great cities, voters are intimidated in ancient commonwealths, street-car traffic is prevented in great cities, and public buildings are blown up by dynamite, it is idle to talk about the danger of too much government in the United States.

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The Situation in China

The American position in China has not changed, and so far no complications have arisen which have led in any way to its modification. That position has been from the first so clearly defined that it could not be mistaken, and in the uncertainty and confusion which reigns in Peking and in China generally there need be no uncertainty or confusion in regard to the purposes of the United States. We declared that we would enter into no negotiations with the Chinese authorities so long as unrestricted communication with the American Legation at Peking was denied; we demanded, before opening negotiations, that the attacks on the legations cease, that communication be restored and order maintained. These ends secured, this Government is pledged to do what it can to maintain the integrity of China, and to enforce free and unrestricted commercial intercourse.

The Chinese authorities failed to meet these conditions; they did not make free intercourse with the legations possible; they did not cause the attacks on the

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legations to cease; on the contrary, the organization of an army of relief, a march to Peking, and the taking of the city were made necessary. Under these circumstances, when China asks for a cessation of hostilities, and proposes to reopen negotiations by the appointment of an Envoy with full powers, our Government can only reply that the conditions laid down in its previous communication to the Chinese Government have not been fulfilled; that the Powers have been compelled to rescue their Ministers by force of arms without the aid of the Chinese Government, and that, while this Government is ready to welcome any overtures for a truce, there must first be effective suspension of hostilities, not only in Peking, but throughout China. Until this is done, although no war has been declared between the two countries, China is virtually at war with this country, and the United States can pursue no other course than that of protecting its representatives and citizens in China and their property, and of endeavoring, so far as possible, to secure order.

There is, apparently, no responsible Government in China with which the United States can now treat. No one knows, as a matter of fact, whether any Government exists other than that of the great Viceroys. The whereabouts of the Empress and the Emperor are unknown; if they could be treated with, it is doubtful if they could keep their engagements or make effective any promises which they should make. Moreover, there is still the question of indemnity to be dealt with; and our hand cannot be stayed nor our troops withdrawn until adequate guarantees are secured for the punishment of the violators of the legation quarter and of the murderers of foreigners, whether missionaries or otherwise, and for the payment of adequate indemnity for the property destroyed. Our Government has very wisely refused to declare war upon China and to take the position officially that the Chinese Government is responsible for the attacks on the legations. There seems, unfortunately, however, to be little question that this was the case, and that it will be necessary to teach the Chinese Government that ambassadors cannot be attacked with impunity, nor can the principle of extra-territoriality be violated without prompt and severe punishment. The policy of the United States has from the beginning been conspicuously frank, just, and conservative of the best interests of China; this policy will doubtless be followed by the Administration to the end. While reserving for the United States every just right of inflicting the penalty which ought to follow a gross violation of the usages of international intercourse, it is entirely above the suspicion of selfishness. The spectacle of the oldest of existing Governments finding the most substantial aid in the friendliness of the youngest of the Great Powers is not only extremely picturesque, but prophetic of the new principles and hopes of the new time upon which the world is entering.

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The Ramapo Issue Again

The *Outlook* has already pointed out the enormity of the Ramapo steal. It can be designated by no more favoring terms. It was a flagrant robbery from the people of the State of their water, with absolutely no return given to them therefor. The bill passed last year did nothing except save the city of New York from being handed over bound to this Ramapo corporation. The Morgan bill, which proposed to give the city a right to go anywhere into the State to supply itself with water, was defeated, not wholly or even chiefly by the Ramapo influence, but by the sentiment of country districts that the city ought not to be vested with any such unlimited powers. In our judgment, the country districts were right. The city of New York ought not to be vested with any such unlimited powers.

There is but one remedy, and a radical one, for the great Ramapo wrong. The charter should be repealed absolutely. There may be a question whether, under the State Constitution, the Legislature has power to repeal a charter; but it should not assume that it has no such power. On the contrary, it has presumptively all the powers of the people of the State, and it should at least make the attempt. If the repeal is resisted on the ground that a charter so granted is in the nature of a contract and unrepealable, it will be for

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the courts to decide that question; the courts will have also before them another question, namely, whether the charter itself is constitutional. There are two reasons for doubting its constitutionality; one, that it does not conform to the constitutional requirement that the purpose of every act must be stated in its title; the other, the broader ground that the charter exceeded the powers of the Legislature, and is contrary both to public health and public policy. If it be objected that the company has been at expense on the strength of this charter—expense incurred in good faith—the answer is that if the repeal of the charter inflicts direct damages upon any individuals, the State can and should assume responsibility for such damages. It should pay for its own blunder; but its water is well worth all that such payment could possibly cost. The charter repealed, and the State once more in possession of its own water, a Metropolitan Water Board should be constituted, which should have a general supervision over the watershed of the State, which should map out the State and acquaint itself with the relations of the watershed to the various localities, which should know how and where this watershed could be made most advantageous to all the people and to each locality, with the least injury to every other locality; and no village, town, or city, including the city of Greater New York, should be allowed to take water from the State, and still less should any private corporation be allowed to do so, without obtaining permission of this Water Board, from whose decision under certain conditions an appeal should lie, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the State. The people of the country districts ought not to have unlimited power to block the right of the city to secure that water which is essential to its life. The city ought not to have unlimited power to take water from the country districts without regard to their health and well-being. The questions which might easily arise between different districts, or between city and country, should be submitted to the arbitrament of an impartial tribunal. If it be objected that a Water Board appointed by the Governor would probably be Republican and perhaps rural, while the city of New York is Democratic, the answer is that the objects which they are striving to the city of New York could be and should be represented on the Board, which should be non-partisan, and that the right of appeal to the courts would at least prevent the grosser forms of favoritism and partisanship.

The end to be secured is perfectly plain. By the Ramapo charter the water of the State has been given over to a private corporation. That water should be taken back again by the State, and the difficult question of its legitimate distribution and use should be given to a body which represents the people of the State and is amenable to them for the use of its powers. Nothing less than this will be adequate to right the wrong perpetrated by the Ramapo water bill, to restore the water to the people of the State, and so to put it under their control that it shall be made useful to the greatest number of localities, with justice to all local communities. And no man should be voted for as either Governor, Assemblyman, or Senator, who is not committed to secure by some method this justice for the people of the State and for future generations.

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The Contagion of Faith

It is a significant fact that every intelligent man finds it necessary to have what is called a working theory of life; in other words, every man feels compelled, in order to live at all and do any work, to accept some conception of life which makes room for action and place for hope. The consistent pessimists who believe nothing and hope for nothing are few. In pessimism there are almost numberless gradations, from despair up to that conventional pose into which so many people have fallen of late years; fallen so completely that it has become second nature to look at the dark side of things and to take gloomy views. This attitude does not, however, in the least interfere with the pleasure which the average pessimist finds in life, nor with the satisfaction which he takes in his own work. He has, as somebody has well said, "the best possible time in the worst possible world." The men who profess to find neither order nor meaning nor beauty in life are very often persons who work as if

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obtain were worth securing; who hold themselves to a scrupulous performance of duty, as if duty were not only obligatory, but were worth doing; and who are loyal in all their personal relations, as if loyalty were not only a matter of morality but also a source of pleasure.

To be consistently pessimistic one must believe nothing, hope nothing, and do nothing. The moment a man hopes, believes, or acts, he ceases to be a consistent pessimist. An effective argument can be made for pessimism as a philosophical theory; as a working theory it is untenable unless one so modifies it as practically to destroy its force. There are a few smitten and hunted creatures here and there in society who, if they took their own experience as a basis for a judgment of the value of life, might, with some show of decency, proclaim themselves pessimists; but, by an enormous majority, men in all parts of the world, and in the worst times, find something which is worth living for and something which is worth doing. The man who follows pessimism to a consistent end is to be found only in the list of suicides. The instincts of humanity, as well as its intelligence, its insight, and its inspiration, are against a view of life which makes life unbearable.

But while pessimism as a working theory finds very few consistent adherents, pessimism as an intellectual pose finds many who are only too ready to take courage out of the hearts of those with whom they have influence; for the most unfortunate result of the pessimistic pose is the devitalization which it effects. It takes the tonic out of the atmosphere in which men live; it saps their hopes in the exact degree in which they accept it; it not only destroys their illusions but their aspirations as well. It is a kind of blight on the finer growths of the spirit. The best things in men are evoked by their own faith in themselves, or by the faith of others in them. He who believes that another is base has taken the first step, and perhaps the most effective one, toward making that other base; while he who treats one who is undeserving as if he were deserving has taken the first and perhaps the most effective step toward rehabilitating a fallen man.

There are two spirits in every man, and these spirits are contending together for the mastery. In all our relations we make our choice as to whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet; whether we shall liberate the best that is in them or invigorate the worst. There are men who go through life and do no evil so far as action is concerned, but who blight everything fine and fair which comes in their way, by the chilling breath of skepticism; there are others who have a genius for calling out the best. It was impossible not to believe in the nobility and dignity of life when one listened to Phillips Brooks; his atmosphere made skepticism incredible. When Hume declared that he believed in immortality whenever he remembered his mother, he was bearing testimony to the almost divine influence which women of the highest type always exert, and which they often exert in entire unconsciousness. What a man believes or what he disbelieves is a vital matter, not only for himself, but for others. Let him believe in the best, and, however full of faults and imperfections he may be, there will be in his own nature a slow but tidal movement toward goodness, and he will make the attainment of virtue easier for all who know him. Let a man disbelieve in the possibility of purity, integrity, and unselfishness, and, although he may have great ability and many attractive qualities, he will smirch the society through which he passes, and leave a blackened trail behind him. When a man comes to look back on his own life, his most blessed comfort may be the discernment for the first time that he has helped instead of hindered, and his most terrible punishment may be the discernment for the first time of the aid which he has given unconsciously and unintentionally to the process of moral disintegration and spiritual decline in those about him.

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The Board of Control elected by the incorporators of the American National Red Cross at their recent meeting in Washington, D. C., has accepted the resignation of Mr. George Kennan, First Vice-President, which was tendered to Miss Clara Barton at Santiago de Cuba on the 4th of August, 1898, and which was renewed on the 17th of May, 1900. In place of Mr. Kennan, whose connection with the Red Cross since the Santiago campaign has been only nominal, the Board of Control has elected Mr. B. H. Warner, of Washington, D. C.

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The Spectator

Seeing a great fair is apt to bewilder as well as fatigue. The average visitor does not go to an Exposition with any idea of serious study, but just to "see things." And seeing so many things generally produces the same effect that London produced on the humble mind of Jedediah Buxton. Jedediah was a country-born mathematical prodigy of the last century, and on a time his friends took him to the great city of London. There, true to his instinct, he attempted to count all the objects he saw and the sounds he heard. But the crowds were so great, the houses so many, the street-sounds so various, that even a mathematical prodigy had to give up the task of enumerating them and go back discouraged to his quiet country village, where sights were familiar and not too numerous to be counted. The Exposition sightseer grows inclined to give up the task of seeing everything, of making notes, of following plans and guide-books, and willing to wander around in haphazard fashion, enjoying things for the moment, and indifferent whether he remembers them or not, conscious as he is that he cannot carry away accurate impressions of a hundredth part of the vast whole.

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This is probably not the best way of seeing an Exposition, but it came to be the Spectator's way at Paris. The Spectator tried the expert's way at first. This is to study a few things thoroughly; and the plan commends itself to one's better judgment. But, after following the expert method, under the personal guidance of a distinguished professor, for one morning, the Spectator gave it up. He found that the time at his disposal would enable him to see only one corner of one building if he spent it in this way, and that certainly would not do. Then, too, the expert had a disagreeable way of admiring immensely things which the Spectator thought very commonplace, and of condemning as tawdry and meretricious the things which the Spectator was inclined to praise. After one of these distressing experiences the Spectator was reminded of Rufus Choate's remark to his daughter at the opera: "My dear, will you please interpret to me the libretto, lest I dilate at the wrong emotion!" So, after the first morning, the Spectator wandered here and there at his own sweet will, admiring the things he would admire, and passing by with a glance many things which he ought to have admired and doubtless would if he had not been simply a Spectator.

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Many of the Exposition buildings seemed beautiful in themselves, while there was little or no unity in their arrangement. The Château d'Eau, with its playing fountains, and the Electricity Building, with its novel façade, appealed to the Spectator's love of the unconventional in architecture. The Art buildings seemed worthy of becoming, as they are to be, permanent memorials of the Exposition. Even the entrance gateway, with its much-criticised Parisienne welcoming the world, day and night, in her evening toilette, seemed not inappropriate as symbolizing, with its color and *chic*, the bright, gay capital itself. But the Spectator liked best to stand on one of the great bridges that cross the Seine and gaze at the buildings on the river banks, full of color and various contrast as they are, with here and there the outlines of the larger Exposition buildings in sight, and, beyond, the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadéro buildings, and, yet further, the background of the splendid city. The river highway of Paris is always interesting, and this year, with its picturesque Old Paris on one side and the long stretch of varicolored National Buildings on the other, and with its never-ending flotilla of crowded passenger-boats and its fine series of bridges, it is incomparable. Especially when the buildings and bridges are illuminated at night does the spectacle take its place in one's memory alongside that other ever-memorable one of the White City at Chicago under similar conditions. At Chicago one said, This can never be equaled! At Paris one said, This can never be surpassed!

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The distinguished expert's epigram on modern art, "Its most sacred scripture reads, 'Whatsoever things are ugly, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are of evil report—do these things,'" could scarcely have been uttered in the

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Hall of Sculpture. Fine indeed is the effect of these heroic groups of plaster and bronze, with our own St. Gaudens's General Sherman and Macmonnies's equestrian group taking a most distinguished place. One feels inclined to spend all his remaining time in this one department, but the American determination to "see it all" hurries him on. Many fine sculptures are also found throughout the grounds, including some old friends of the World's Fair at Chicago. Almost everywhere, in the interior of the buildings, one finds evidence of the touch of taste. This may not be art in the highest sense, but it gives one the feeling that this people, whatever its faults, has come nearer, in some directions, than has any other to realizing the ideal of beauty.

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Among the various exhibits happened upon in a day in this vast congeries of things interesting and amusing the Spectator rescues, from memory's flotsam and jetsam, these: A house devoted to baby-incubators, with living examples of the successful results—tiny pink specimens of the genus homo in little glass cases kept at a uniform temperature, the babies being removed only to be fed. The kindly French nurses pour forth voluble explanations of the nativity and present status of the motherless infants, and the astonished visitor, murmuring, "What next?" drops a coin in the collection-box and departs. At the other extreme, a Brobdingnagian Frenchman in the streets of Old Paris, said to be the largest man in the world, and one before whom the Spectator would not like to question the assertion. The French are supposed to be small, but, taking pattern afar off after this man, many of them are tall, stalwart fellows, notably the gymnasts who perform their feats on the sidewalks near the Madeleine on holidays. A bachelor's palace is seen, consisting of a suite of beautiful rooms, expensively and attractively furnished, where a man might live an ideally quiet life of the hermit kind if he did not require a retinue of servants to care for his apartments. One would suppose the French Government would have refused to sanction this exhibit, bewailing as it does the slow growth of France's population. A more characteristic bachelor's apartment was a "house upside down," where mirrors reverse the visitors, one's neighbors seem to be walking on their heads, etc. A house which had sheltered the great Napoleon while he was crossing the Alps is to be seen in the Swiss Village, which itself is one of the marvels of the Exposition and a great triumph for the workers in staff. One believes at first that an abandoned quarry has been used for the village site, the imitation of rocks and cliffs is so perfect. The Norwegian Pavilion, containing boats used by Nansen on his Polar expedition, and the fine Italian Building, with its cathedral effect, are among the best of the national buildings. One of the interesting experiences was a test of the inhospitable-looking chairs marked "Go, Brothers!" (the firm of Allez Frères), found everywhere on the grounds, which one has only to sit on for an instant to bring a woman seemingly from nowhere to collect a sou for the privilege. This "disappearing lady" is one of the features of a show where everything has to be paid for, often in ways which are startling to the American visitor.

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Everything has its price in the Exposition and in Paris, but the Spectator found the prices usually not exorbitant. Even American drinks—*i.e.*, beverages which are not mere "wash-downs," as is the case with most French drinks, but cold and delicious in taste—can be had, if the visitor but knows where to find them, at average American prices. Of course, if one goes to a fine roof-garden restaurant he may expect to pay, as one of the Spectator's friends did, two dollars for cocoa and rolls for four—but then that included yard-square napkins and a superb view of the Exposition. The cabs are ridiculously cheap—thirty cents for a ride to any part of Paris; and the Spectator had no disagreeable experiences with the cabbies, though he heard of many. Lodgings may be had, with the careful attendance that a Frenchwoman gives, for a dollar a day, or less. The best restaurants are expensive, but so they are everywhere; and the Spectator found in Paris restaurants which furnish at moderate rates cooking and service that one cannot find in New York at corresponding prices.

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CHINA

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES RELATING TO THE PRESENT CRISIS

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE

COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA

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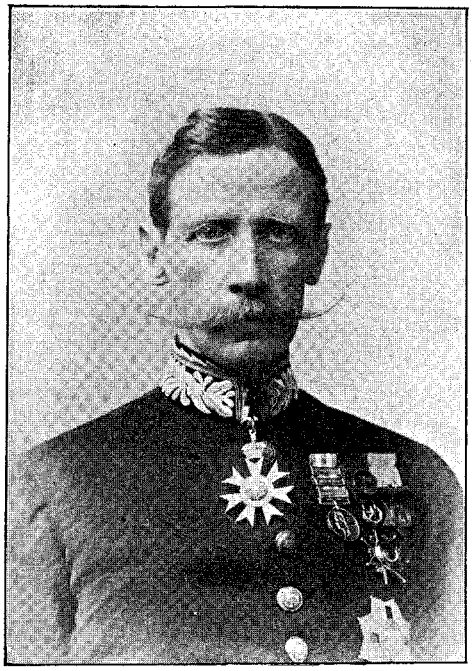
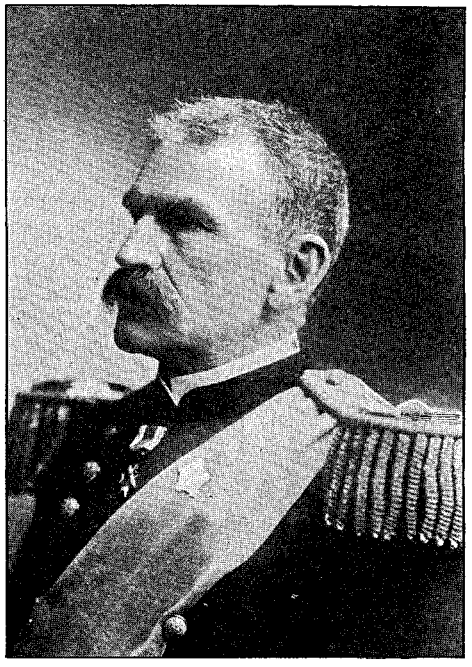


SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD
The British Minister to China.

M. DE GIERS
The Russian Minister to China.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR
Commanding the British Navy in China.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. R. CHAFFEE
Commander of United States troops in China.

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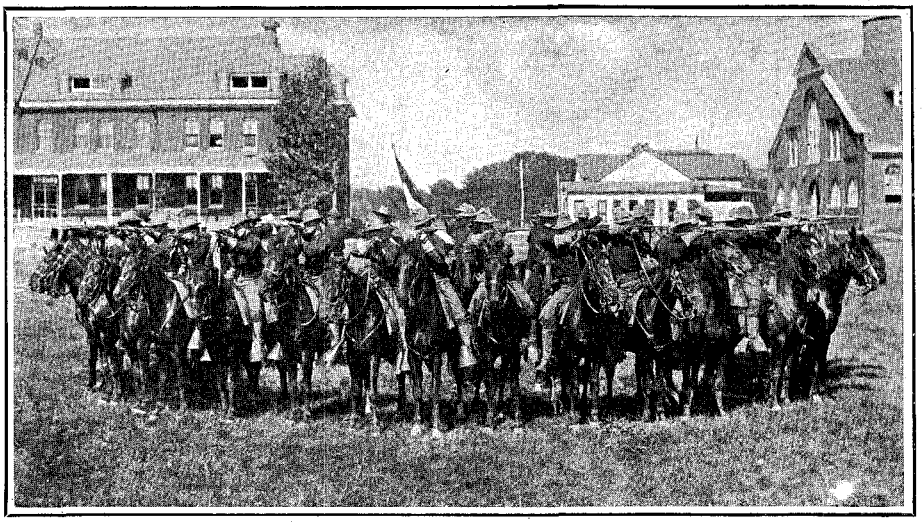
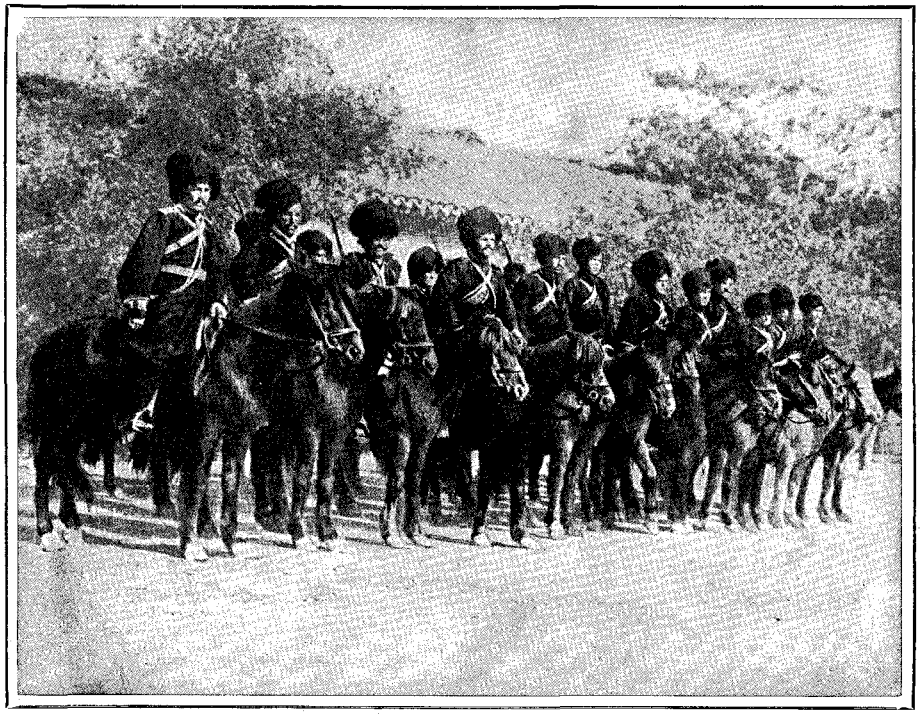


A SQUADRON OF THE UNITED STATES THIRD CAVALRY, NOW IN CHINA



COSSACKS, RUSSIAN "ROUGH RIDERS"

Now with the Allies in China.

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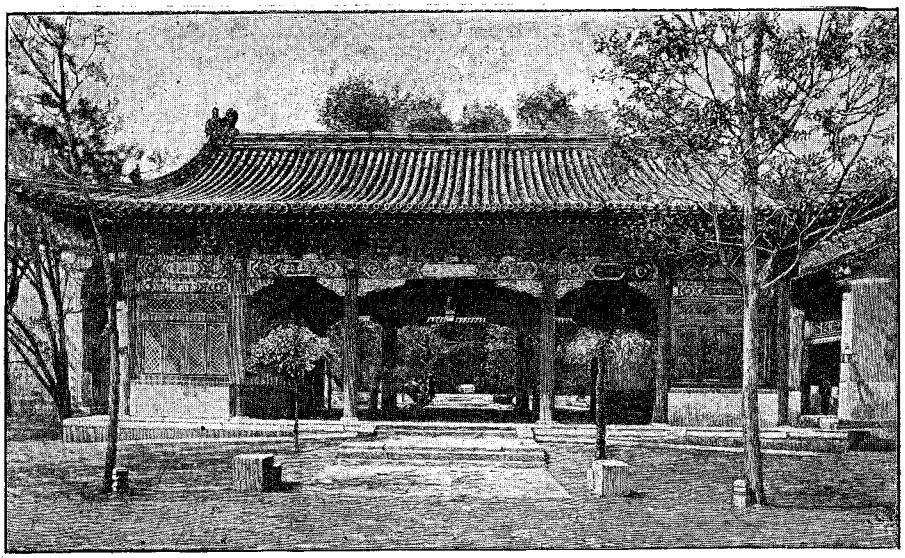
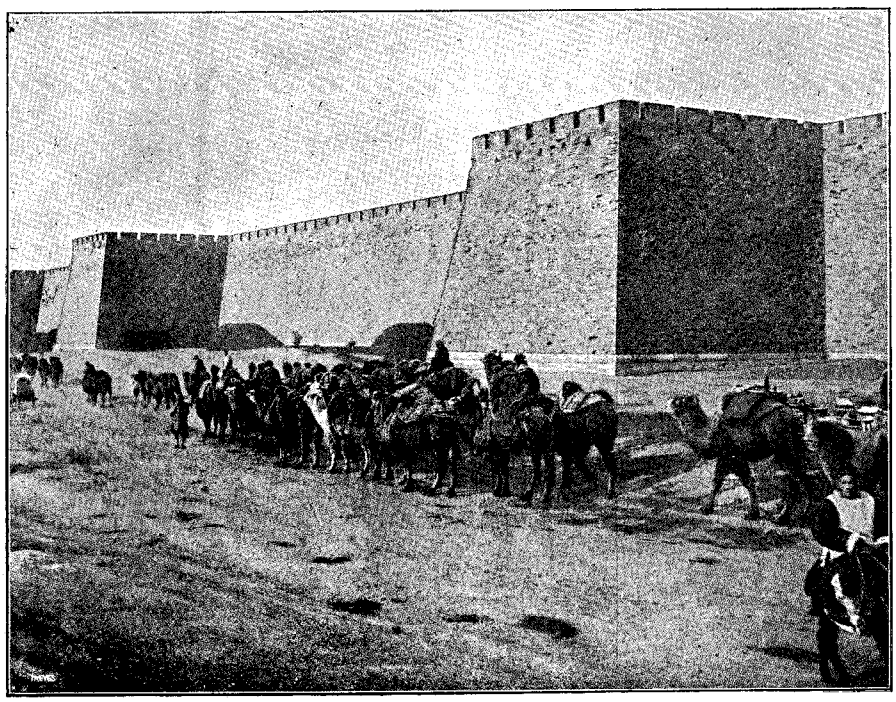


THE ENGLISH LEGATION AT PEKING

In this structure all the foreigners in Peking took refuge.



THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE TARTAR CITY OF PEKING FROM THE CHINESE CITY

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THE SOUTHERN GATE OF PEKING

THE TSUNGLI-YAMEN, THE CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE IN PEKING

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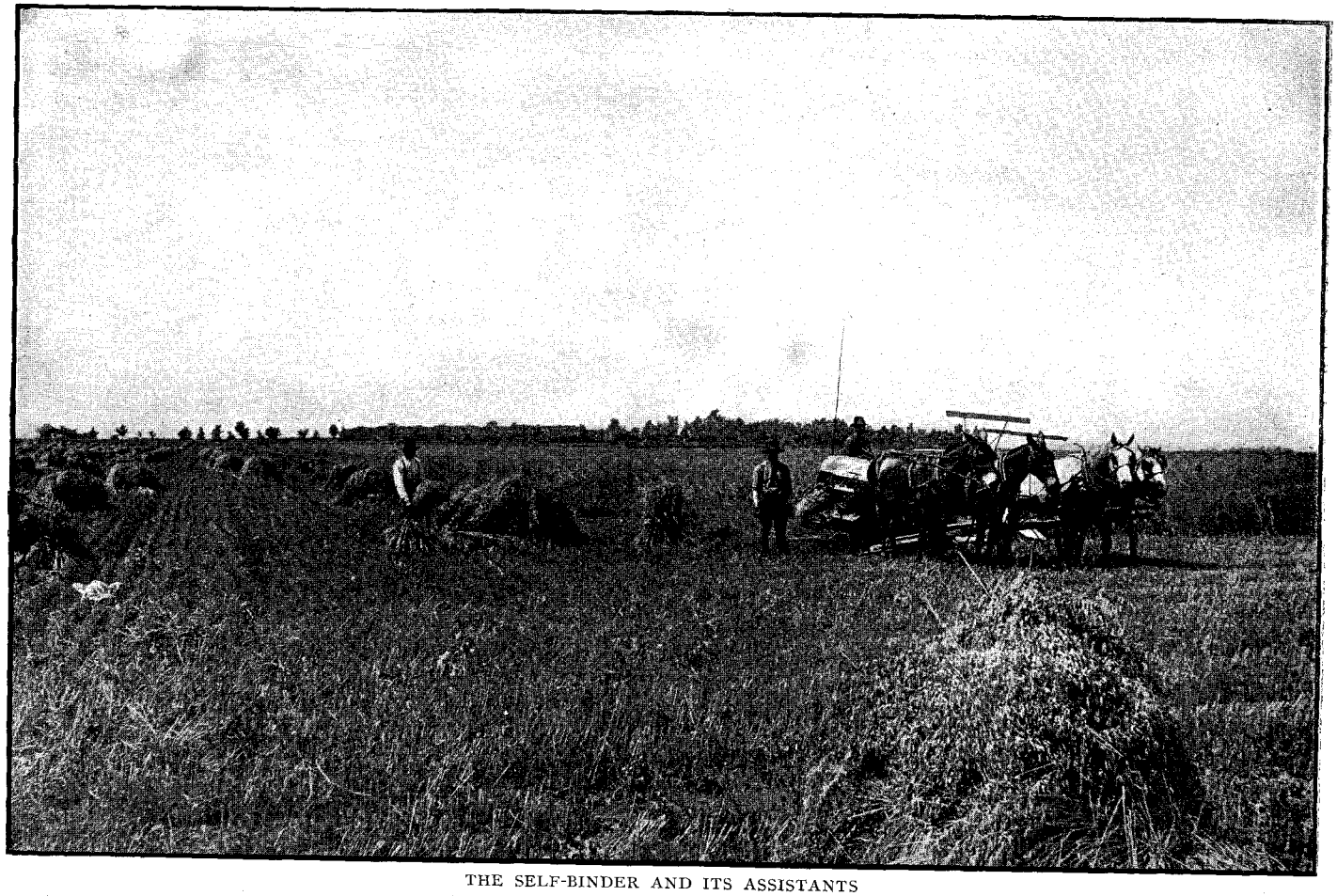

THE SELF-BINDER AND ITS ASSISTANTS

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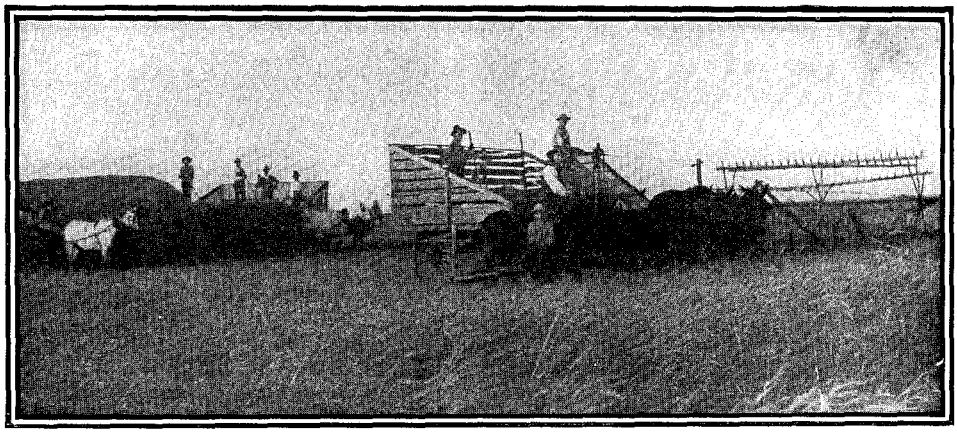

THE WEST'S GOLDEN HARVEST

By Charles Moreau Harger

BEGINNING early in June and extending far into midsummer, as the zone of ripening grain moved northward, the farmers of the Middle West were engaged in the pleasant but exacting task of gathering a golden harvest. Never before in the history of the prairies was there such a wealth of wheat, and, though the methods of its harvesting did not differ materially from those of preceding years, it called for greater exertion and more numerous laborers.

The fields promised well in the autumn, and grew steadily through the open winter, while the favorable spring days seemed fitted especially to mature the crop. Though the sturdy straw and heavy-laden heads told of coming glory, such doubters are the Western farmers as to crop conditions that not until the broad acres were yellow was the perfection of the yield fully recognized.

The present season saw more grain gathered from the fields of Oklahoma and Kansas than in any single year before. A round million acres in the Territory yielded twenty-five million bushels of winter wheat; Kansas, with its older settlement, yet nervously anxious for a large crop return, had from its four and a half million acres fully eighty million bushels more, while the spring-wheat region of Nebraska and the Dakotas added close to one hundred million bushels to the total.

It was a bountiful gift to the people of the great wheat-growing section, and they cared for it with a due appreciation of what it meant in debt-paying, in the purchase of the good things of life, in prosperity, and in happiness.

Preparations for the harvest begin a month before the grain shows yellow. The farmers examine the implements shipped in by the dealers, make their purchases of binding-twine, engage as many men as possible, and arrange their other farm work so that it can be left for a time. This year's harvest came on swiftly. A few hot days with clear skies changed the waving green to saffron, and all at once hundreds of landowners wanted to commence work, and the question of help became a serious one.

Workers came swiftly and recked not of the manner of their coming. The railroads were generous—and they could not well be otherwise. Not only were they desirous of having their patrons prosper by saving the grain, but the laborers boarded the freight-trains by scores and hundreds, and what could the few brakemen do? So out to the wheat-lands they rode, dusty and often hungry, but on the whole hopeful and good-natured. Some were scarcely more than boys; others were

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THE BUSY HEADERS

gray-haired. College students with cheery songs and lively "yells" mingled with tramps of all degrees. The papers had printed reports that three dollars a day would be paid, but when the wheat-belt was reached the wages were found to be a dollar and a half to two dollars—and board.

The farmers were waiting for them, and when a freight-train arrived the newcomers were speedily engaged and soon were jolting away in farm-wagons to the claims and ranches. The miles on miles of waist-high yellow grain seemed to present a tremendous task, but once attacked by the army of harvesters it was rapidly conquered.

Two kinds of machines are used on the prairies for cutting wheat. The self-binder is needed where the straw is very heavy, as was the case in most of Oklahoma this year. It is drawn by three or four horses—in rare instances, when the ground is soft or the land hilly, by five—and not only cuts the wheat six to ten inches from the soil, but collects the severed straw in uniform-sized bunches, and, tying each with a piece of coarse twine, throws them off behind the machine, ready to be carried to the shock by men on foot. The header is a swifter cutter. It has a wide swath and is pushed ahead of four horses, the driver riding on a tiller-pole behind the whole outfit. The straw is cut just beneath the heads and is lifted on an inclined carrier into a large box—a header-box—drawn alongside on a wagon. When one box is filled it is taken to a stack in the center of the field, where it is emptied, another wagon and box accompanying the machine. This method requires very ripe and dry grain.

The click and rattle of the self-binder and the whir of the header were first heard on the claims of Oklahoma. Less than a decade ago not a house was built, not a furrow turned over the broad expanse of sod; now there is an agricultural empire. Claim after claim, each costing the owner only an hour's ride on a swift pony, has been transformed into a valuable farm that this year produced on its wheat-land twenty dollars' worth of wheat to the acre. In Western parlance, the settlers have "taken the Indian out of the soil," and they have found in the abundant fertility and the virgin strength of their possession a veritable treasure-mine. A few years ago poor and hard-pressed, in some instances not owning even the horse on which they made the race for a home, these farmers are now prosperous

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and smiling, and their store was visibly increased by this year's harvest.

On one Oklahoma ranch twenty-five binders were running at once and a small army of men was busy, but this was the exception. Nearly every farmer has his own machine, or he "changes work" with a neighbor, and so all are harvesting at once. Unless the threshing is done in the field at the time the cutting is going on or immediately after, all the shocked grain must be put in stacks that will shed water. This requires much work, not alone in hauling the bundles, but in properly placing them so that the stack shall be symmetrical and rain-proof. Even then a high wind may so scatter it as to require doing the work anew.

Carrying the bundles to the shock or pitching the loose wheat from the header-box is the first task of the harvest laborer. If his hands are soft and white and his muscles unused to toil, the days are very, very long, the deep sleep on the fragrant hay on the barn floor very, very short.

On one farm was an example of this sort among the employees—a slender, pale-faced man who struggled hard to do as much as the others. He nearly gave up the second day, but later gained in strength until he held his own well. At the end of a fortnight he went to the boss and asked for his wages.

"Pay me what you do anybody," he remarked. "I'm not going to spend this money—I'll keep it to show to my wife. She and the girls are in Paris. I'm from Chicago, and wanted to eat and sleep as I used to when a boy—and I've done it." He went to the hotel in town, donned fashionable clothes, and took a Pullman car for a mountain resort.

Many are the difficulties with which the harvesters have to contend. The straw may have been so heavy as to "lodge" in the lower portions of the field; the Hessian fly may have eaten the straw and caused the heads to fall on the broken stem when the wind blows; rain may come when the harvest is on and cause delay and much loss. Some of these things are being overcome. For instance, this summer a farm-lad discovered that by putting the rake-teeth on the cross-bars of

TOILERS ON AN OKLAHOMA FARM

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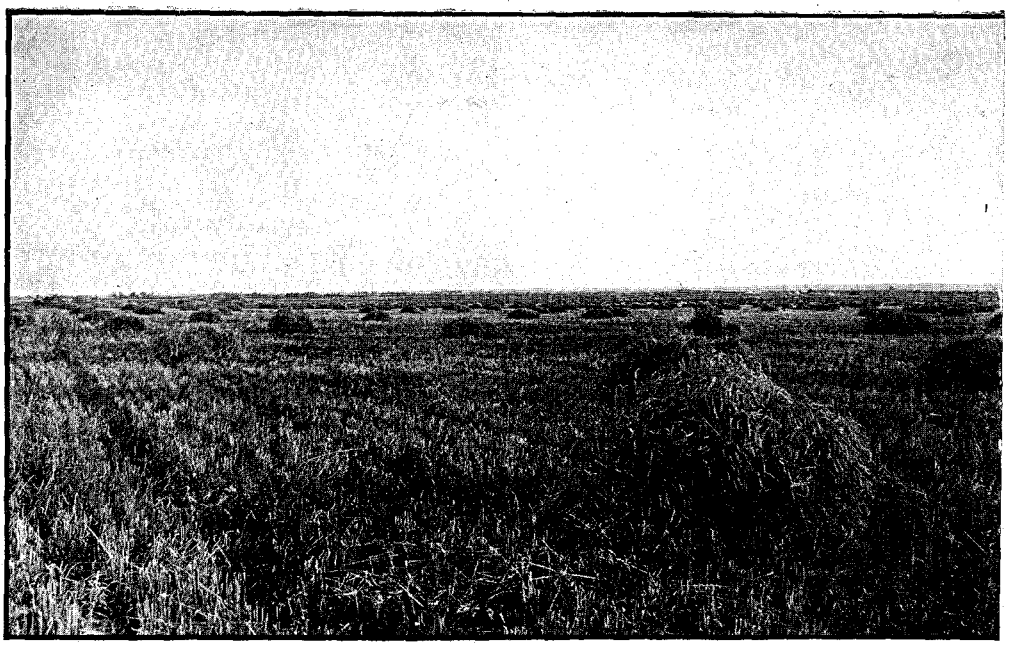

THE GATHERED SHEAVES

a header-reel the broken straws would be picked up, and he saved enough grain to pay for cutting his father's crop.

For the most part it was fine harvest weather. Day after day the sun rode through a cloudless sky and the thermometer marked close to one hundred degrees at noon. It was ideal weather for the work in the fields, even though there were times when the men and horses, of necessity, rested during part of the long afternoon.

On some farms the close of daylight did not stop the labor in the field. Three sets of men and teams were engaged, while, of course, the same wagons and forks and the same machine could be utilized. The workers were divided into shifts of eight hours each, two working in the daylight and the other in the night. When the darkness came, lanterns were hung on the horses and wagons, and by their light the harvest went on under the stars through the clear prairie night. It was in many ways the pleasantest task of the twenty-four hours, for the cool winds fanned the men's faces and the horses had respite from the flies that during the day made life a burden. Of course it necessitated extra work at the house, but that, too, was made possible by extra help. In that manner the wheat was soon cut and the danger of loss of grain by bad weather was soon averted. An absence of dew gave opportunity for this method, and never was so much grain harvested in so short a time.

On the other portions of the farm the women and boys of the family managed things. The girls took the milk to the creamery and assisted in caring for the cows and horses. The boys went to town on errands or drove the teams that hauled the header-wagons. The problem of cooking for the men was in some cases solved by the workers having their own cook and living in tents on the field, but not often. The housewife sacrificed herself for the few days of extra work and prepared wholesome meals in the farm-house kitchen. Even Sunday was not exempt from labor during the height of the harvest. Many a country church congregation heard the far-off hum of the machines mingling with the cadence of the hymns and considered it no irreverence. Every day was precious to the farmers. The townspeople drove out to watch the work proceed, some of them having a lively interest in the proceeding, for they owned lands on which tenants were gathering the rent-paying crop. The chief topic of conversation, in town and out, was the yield and quality of the wheat, and the papers of the Western cities

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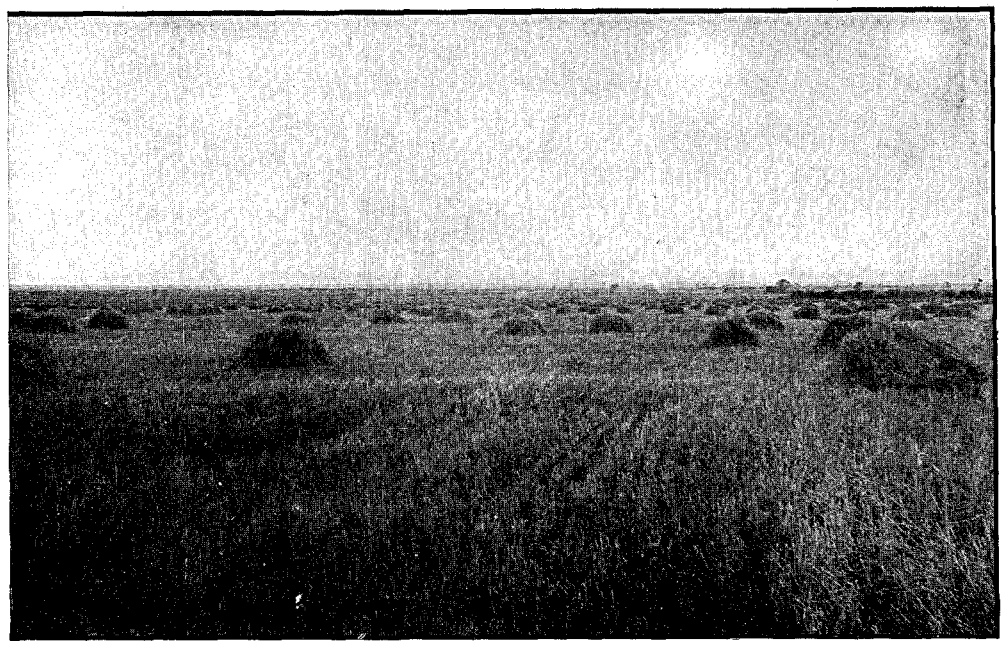

OF A GREAT HARVEST FIELD

gave black headlines to information on these matters. Wheat had indeed become King.

While the harvest was in progress in Oklahoma the grain was yet green in Kansas; but speedily the sun's ripening force moved northward, and the laborers took up their march with it. From farm to farm, from county to county, out of the Territory into the State, the army of workers moved, and when the fields of the south were quiet the garnering was in full blast further north. And this was still true when the harvest had moved on and on to the great wheat-farms of the Dakotas, where grain-raising is less a business than a huge speculation. It was all a conquest of the wheat.

In the Cherokee Strip, the latest opened portion of Oklahoma, there are six counties. It is estimated that one of them alone raised enough wheat this year to distribute among the people more money than the United States paid for the entire Strip when it bought it from the Indian tribes. Such facts as this give a semblance of truth to the story told of a western Kansas farmer who shocked his wheat as the men worked behind the binder. At last the binder had come to the center of the field and had finished its work. The driver sought to leave the field, and found that the shocks were so thick that he could not do so until some of them were moved to make a way for his machine. It is also related that men rented school quarters in Oklahoma for fifty dollars and raised thereon 2,500 bushels of wheat, having no money invested and no taxes to pay.

When the work in the fields is over, the exodus of laborers begins. At the country post-offices they have lined up on Saturday nights and bought money-orders payable to themselves at some distant office. Then they take what is left, board the trains in companies, as they did when they entered the wheat-lands, and are carried away from the level landscapes where the silent yellow stacks stand amid the acres of stubble shorn of a valuable fleece, brave tokens of their service.

Not all, however, take this course. There is yet much to do in completing the harvest. Following the binders and the headers come the threshing-machines, and thousands of able-bodied men are needed in the crews that manage them. The smoke of the threshing-engines rises from every farm, and though the task may not be ended until the leaves on the cotton-woods along the streams are brown, it is no less important than was the initial stage.

The old-time thresher, deriving its

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motion from a horse-power and laboriously grinding the straw as if the work were a painful operation, is but a distant relation to the modern separator and its accompaniments as used to-day on the prairies. The separator itself is equipped with a cleaning apparatus that leaves the grain free from chaff or dirt; the straw is taken away through a tube-like stacker that places it wherever wanted. The traction-engine has wide wheels, and the driver's seat is covered with striped awning when desirable. It is the prairie automobile, and when a move is made from one farm to another it takes the whole outfit of separator, cook-wagon, water-wagon, and errand-wagon behind it and proceeds at leisurely pace over the prairie roads. Its progress through the towns in the dead of night frightens children, sets the dogs to barking, and makes the old folks dream that a freight-train has left the track and is steaming up the street.

The cook-wagon is a house on wheels, with gasoline stove, an extension table, and a generous cupboard. Arrived at the farm, it is taken to the lee of a hedge or under the trees along the creek, if such there be, and becomes the home of the crew. The cook may be a man with skill in that direction, or the wife and daughter of the owner of the machine may assist him in this department. The first meal is served at daybreak, the second at noon, and the third when darkness is coming on, for the whistle of the engine does not sound its welcome summons to stop work until sunset. There is plenty of wholesome food—meats, pies, and bread—and there is no trifling with appetite. With the prairie breeze sweeping through the screened door of the eating-house, and the hungry men gathered around the well-heaped table, the picture is a pleasant one.

The business of running a threshing outfit is one that requires considerable capital and some ability as a manager. The first cost of the separator and engine is about $2,500. The demand for this machinery was such that ten outfits were sold in each of a dozen Kansas counties during the present season. Along with the machine there must be taken six pitchers, who get $1.50 a day; two feeders, who, when needed, are paid $2; an engineer, who receives the highest wages, $2.50 to $3 a day; and a water-hauler, who takes the tank on wheels to a convenient windmill or stream to be filled for the use of the engine. The feeders stand at the hungry mouth of the machine and send the grain down among the whirling cogs and teeth, evenly and steadily. If the grain is in bundles, there stands on either side of the feeder a band-cutter, who, with a sharp knife, severs the twine holding the straw together. A boy of fifteen to nineteen can easily do this.

The owner of the farm takes care of the straw as it leaves the machine, and must have two or three men for this. Many a farmer's boy has served a perspiring apprenticeship in the drudgery of life at the upper end of a straw-carrier, fighting to keep back the dust-laden stream that came pouring with what seemed to be malicious persistence out of the whirlpool below.

The wheat—the reddish-yellow treasure for which all the toil has been performed—at last is in sight. Out of a tiny spout well to the rear of the machine it pours its welcome rivulet, falling into the farmer's wagon until the box is full to the brim. Then with the precious burden the wagon is driven to the granary or to the elevator in town, and the farmer breathes a long sigh of relief that he has come to the end of the devious journey from seed-time to harvest.

The thresher has two scales of payment for his work—six cents a bushel if he and his men are boarded by the farmer, and seven cents if he has his own cook-wagon, the latter being the usual arrangement. A good machine can turn out 800 to 1,000 bushels of wheat a day under favorable conditions. Rain, high winds, breakdowns, and other things cause delays. It is a great source of joy to all concerned when the machine hums along from morning to night without trouble. If the threshing is done in the field immediately after harvesting, the bundles are brought from the shocks to the machine as the threshing goes on, and then more men and teams are needed, making it all a busy scene. Some of the newer machines have attachments for cutting the bands of the bound wheat, and other improvements are added each season.

The long wait for a machine, sometimes necessary, has caused a demand in the West for machines that are less expensive,

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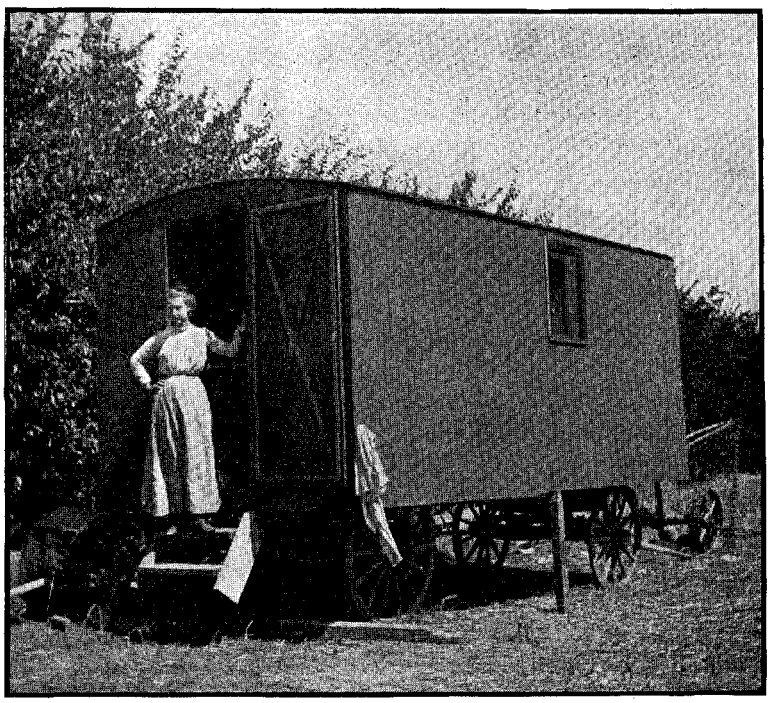
and so-called "baby separators" are being tried. A farmer can afford to own one for his personal use. Then, some neighborhoods have formed farmers' associations and have purchased threshing outfits, each member of the company taking his turn at using it. This is not common, the old method being generally in use. A machine can in the run of a season thresh from 60,000 to 70,000 bushels of grain, much depending, however, on the yield per acre, the abundance and weight of the straw, the condition of the stacks, and the weather.

The danger of fire is always with the threshers. It may be from an imperfection in the engine, or it may be from some carelessly scattered coals; the tinderlike stubble or the vast pile of straw welcomes the blaze, and in a moment there is surging flame with clouds of smoke as the only evidence of the wealth that once covered the soil. Frequently the machine also is burned, though the engineer endeavors to couple to it his obedient but clumsy motive power and take it out of danger.

The stories of women working in the harvest-fields of the prairies are mostly fiction. If occasionally one does so, it is usually to assist in a light part of the labor, such as driving a header-wagon. There is help enough without them. Likewise the tales of harvest revelries are generally imaginative. After working twelve hours in the heat of a prairie summer day, there is only one thing that appeals to a harvest hand—a place to sleep undisturbed.

"How did it go?" and "What'd ye get?" are the two questions that pass when farmers meet after the harvest.



THE MISTRESS OF THE COOK WAGON

They are at the bottom of the greater question, "Does wheat-raising pay?" Not always nor everywhere. This year in most parts of the West it paid handsomely. The average cost of planting and harvesting an acre of wheat, exclusive of the use of the land, is about seven dollars. If, as was the case on hundreds of farms this season, there is a production of twenty-five bushels to the acre, and it sells for sixty cents, the usual price during the summer at the local markets of the West, there is a profit of $800 on each hundred acres. When it is not one hundred but a thousand acres that is harvested, the reward in a good wheat year is considerable. There are quarter-sections of central and

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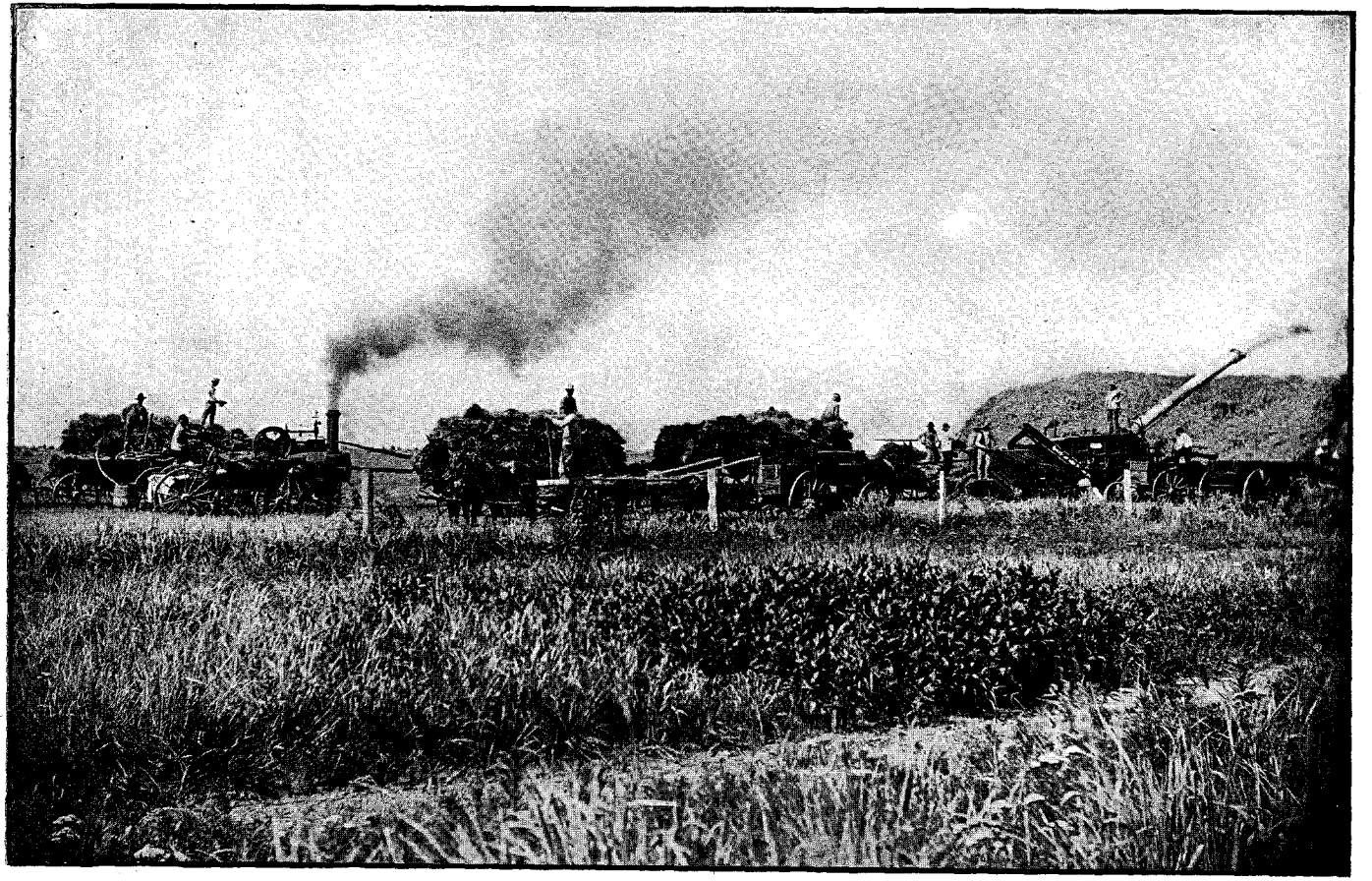

THE THRESHING FLOOR

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western Kansas and of Oklahoma that this year raised enough wheat to pay for themselves. Fields that went thirty bushels to the acre, and some that did even better, were numerous, and then the farmer was certain that wheat was a good crop for him to raise. He forgot that there ever was a wheat failure, and was convinced that he could make a success every time.

But there is another side.

A farmer came into my office one day during July and was led to talk of his efforts. "We are getting along all right this year," he remarked, "but I don't like to think of what we went through."

"By small crops, do you mean?"

"Not small crops—*no* crops. One year I got sixty bushels of wheat from fifty acres, and saved it for seed. The next year I sowed it and didn't get even one bushel. That was hard luck!

"How did we live? Chickens and cows and kaffir corn—it wasn't very good living, but one can do a good deal when he has to. But it's better now. I'm going to take home a surrey for the folks this afternoon."

He was a type of the Western farmer who has fought the good fight through the hard times and the years of bad crops to better things, and, with his family, deserves all the comforts that generous Nature can give him.

Out in western Kansas are colonies of Russian Mennonites who have year after year stirred the ground and sowed it to wheat. They have given no heed to politics and little attention to the luxuries of life. When they made money they bought more land and sowed it to wheat. At threshing-time it is one of the curious sights of the West to see them taking the cash for their crop in silver and going home with half-pecks of the white metal jingling in their capacious pockets. Their economy of living and their dogged persistence have allowed them to win where thousands of Americans have grown discouraged, and, loading their worldly goods in canvas-topped prairie-schooners, have sought better locations.

On the great wheat-farms of the Dakotas the business is conducted by capitalists, and though it is doubtful if there is any economy in the management on a large scale, it is the method that seems best adapted to that section. It would not be practicable in the more thickly settled communities of the States farther south.

The time when the Western farmer was compelled to sell his wheat in the field or haul it from the thresher to the market is past. Most of the farm-owners are able to hold their crop from one year to the next if it seems best for securing better prices. As a result, there is less rush than formerly in getting the grain East, though the large crop this year has broken all records for the number of cars sent into the Western cities on their way to the mills or to the seaboard. All through the autumn and early winter will the grain movement continue, and the returns therefrom will make trade good in hundreds of prairie towns where the farmers will spend their profits. Hundreds of farmers and their wives will, during the autumn, take a trip "back East" to the little village where they were born and passed their boyhood and girlhood days. It will be a restful vacation for them, but they will go home better contented with the West than ever, for they will find their old-time friends changed and many of them gone.

Following the threshers, and scarcely waiting for them to get out of the fields, come the plowers, making ready for the next year's wheat crop. On the easy-running sulky-plows they will make their rounds, changing the bright yellow stubble to brown, as the chocolate-colored ribbons of earth are turned behind the steady-moving team. Plowing is begun in July, and the harrow quickly follows, so that by the last of August the fields are waiting for the early September sowing. Later, the smoke of the threshing-engine may yet drift from one side of the field while the drill is placing the seed for next year's crop. It is the beginning and end of the wheat harvest—the planting and the fruitage.

If, year after year, the prairies could produce as bountiful a yield as in the present season, there would be no limit to the good times in the West. The skies would always be bright and the happiness of the people would never be diminished.

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A Renegade

By Martha Wolfenstein

Schneider, Schneider,
Meck, Meck, Meck.

THE quiet village street echoed with this taunting cry. The shouters were half-grown boys, running in pursuit of a taller one, who fled before them, casting strangely terrified looks behind. At the corner of the street leading into the Jews' quarter, he ran full against a short, fat boy, bounding back as though he had collided with a rubber cushion. Thus stopped short, his pursuers were upon him in a moment.

"Come on, let's fight 'em, Peretz!" cried the shorter boy. The other glared for a moment at his tormentors, breathed hard, clenched his fists, then suddenly grasped his companion by the arm and, dragging him along, ran down the Jews' quarter into the open doorway of the synagogue yard. He quickly slammed the gate and bolted it. The two boys stood panting and glaring at each other. "They are right," burst forth the shorter, "they are right that they call us Jews cowards! Why didn't you fight 'em?"

For answer Peretz lunged forward, grasped his companion by the shirt and the belt of his trousers, tossed him up above his head, shook him as a dog would a cat, and then gently laid him on the ground at his feet. The boy—his name was Jacob, euphoniously called Yaikew in the Ghetto—lay for a moment as if stunned.

"What kind of craziness is this?" demanded he, hotly, scrambling to his feet. "Thou needst not show *me* what a strong man thou art."

"Dost still think I was afraid?" cried the other, passionately. Then he turned suddenly away and hid his face against the wall. Yaikew looked in amazement and saw that he was trembling.

"What ails thee, Peretz?" he asked, more gently. "Has anybody done thee a harm?"

"It is always so; the people all think I'm a coward," was the tremulous reply.

Yaikew shrugged his shoulders and returned with a sage air: "What should they think?"

Peretz cast a cautious glance around and drew from his bosom an old, torn book.

"See," said he, holding it fondly, "this is why I don't fight."

"What is that? What dost thou mean?" questioned Yaikew.

"If I fight might they not tear my shirt and find it?"

"What," cried Yaikew, "for an old, torn book thou lettest them torment thee!"

He took it in his hands, turned its yellow pages wonderingly, and finally added: "What is this, anyhow? It isn't Hebrew."

"It's Greek," whispered Peretz.

"Greek," echoed Yaikew. "Where didst thou get it?"

"Sh—sh," warned the other, in fright. "The schoolmaster who lived at the mill last summer gave it to me, for blacking his boots and carrying water. In the evenings I taught him to read out of the Pentateuch and he taught me out of this—the Iliad."

"Ili-ahd," mimicked Yaikew, smiling. "There must be fine things written in this book that thou wearest it in thy bosom."

"God forgive me the sin," cried Peretz, "but there is naught so beautiful in all our holy tongue as is written in this little book. I could not live without it. Wai! my master would burn it in a minute, and my mother, Yaikew—she is very pious. It would grieve her that I read profane books," and he laid the volume carefully within his open shirt and pressed his hands lovingly upon it.

Peretz was fifteen years old, and for the last two years apprenticed to the village tailor. His widowed mother, the poorest woman in the "Gass" (Jews' street), picked up a scanty living at any odd work that she could find. She had sent him to the Ghetto school until he was *barmitzvah* (at the age of thirteen).

"'Tis time that he begin to earn something, and he has no head for learning," decided the old teacher, for Peretz dreamed

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idly over the fine, logical intricacies of the Talmud text.

The great dry-goods merchant of the "Gass" took him into his store to teach him the business, but in a month Reb Noach sent him home with the message: "Tell thy mother thou art as fit for business as I am for a tight-rope walker." As Reb Noach had a club foot and weighed some two hundred pounds, this likeness was fully convincing.

Although Peretz had been with his master, the tailor, almost two years, he had as yet learned little of the craft. His principal occupation was that of minding the children and doing chores, for which select service he received no wages.

With his lank limbs protruding from his ragged clothes, an old rimless cap pressed upon his black, curling hair, his pallid face and black eyes red-rimmed with nightly reading, he was the butt and jest of all mischievous boys. The little cowards took particular delight in tormenting him as soon as they discovered that he would not fight.

The very next day after the incident related, Peretz's master sent him to deliver a coat to Count Reichenberg, whose estate was an hour's walk from the village. Peretz went along, reciting to himself parts of his beloved Iliad. His memory failing him at a certain passage, he sat down and looked up the verse. It was beautiful. So was the next and the following one, and in the combat of Hector and Ajax he forgot his errand, his wretched life, and the whole world about him. Noticing presently that the lines in his book were growing dim, he looked up and saw to his dismay that it was evening. He remembered that his master had particularly urged him to hasten, as the coat was for a fancy-dress ball which the Count was to give that evening, and which the tailor had taken great pride in freshening for the occasion. Peretz snatched up his parcel and ran at the top of his speed.

Lamps were already twinkling on the lawn when, frightened and panting, he arrived at the palace. He delivered the parcel, and was about to steal away when a valet appeared and ordered Peretz to follow him, as the Count wished to see the messenger.

Peretz followed. Pale with fright, he appeared in the doorway of the Count's dressing-room.

"Thou damned rascally scoundrel!" roared the Count, a thick-set man, with a round face, now red with rage. "I have a mind to have thee flogged, thee and thy master together. What does the man mean by keeping me waiting? Tell thy master that I'll have him run out of the village. I'll ruin his trade. I won't pay him a kreutzer." Peretz trembled at sight of the Count's rage.

"It isn't my master's fault," he stammered. "He sent me early in the afternoon. I forgot myself."

"So!" cried the Count, "loafing in the tavern! Pitching pennies! What!"

Peretz's pride was stung.

"I was reading, your Highness," replied he, quietly.

"What! reading! Liar! What wast thou reading? Show it to me! Where is the book?"

Peretz paled again. He had betrayed his secret. He would lose his beloved book, perhaps his place, and be again a care and disgrace to his mother. He undid his ragged shirt, pulled out the tattered volume, and two great tears welled up under his lids as he reluctantly held it forth to the Count. The Count glanced at the book, then at Peretz, and shook his head incredulously.

"Dost mean to say, boy, that thou canst read this?"

All trace of anger had vanished from his face, which now shone with interest and curiosity.

"Here," continued he, "let me hear. Read something," and he thrust the open volume into the boy's hands.

Peretz grasped the book joyfully. Perhaps the Count would let him keep it, after all. He began to read. Passage after passage flowed glibly from his lips.

The Count listened, his face a mixture of surprise, incredulity, and pleasure.

His guests were surprised presently to see him appear in earnest conversation with a ragged, barefooted Jewish boy, whom he shook by the hand at parting as if he were his equal.

"You seem to have discovered a new species of game, Count," remarked a guest, laughingly.

"Hunting is not my pet vice, Madame," returned the Count. "Am I not

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known as an inveterate collector of gems? You may congratulate me. I have just discovered a rare diamond."

That same evening Schedel Neuer, with Peretz beside her, stood within the rabbi's house, crying, eagerly:

"Talk it out of him, Herr Rebbe Leben! He wants to go to Vienna. The Count wants to send him to the High School. Why should he become a wise man? Will that bring money into the house? If he learned nothing out of our dear, holy books, will he learn out of those without a word of Yiddish [Hebrew] in them? He dare not go, Herr Rebbe Leben. We dare not take it from the *Goy* [Gentile]. There will no good come of it. Why should he learn all the wickedness that is written in those books? Not my father, peace be with him, nor my grandfather could read a word that was not written in the Prayer Book. They were pious men, but he has it from his father. God forgive me that I must confess it."

The rabbi, a young man, who had been but two years in the village, and had what the older people called "new notions in his head," at once sided with Peretz.

"You may take my word for it, Frau Neuer," said he, "there is much wisdom contained in those books that you so despise. It would be better if more in the 'Gass' should devote themselves to their study."

But Schedel was firm in her opposition.

"There will no good come of it," she insisted. "We dare not take it from the Gentile."

The younger folks sided with Peretz.

"Wilt thou trample thy good fortune under foot? Times have changed, and the Jew and Christian are now equal," they urged. The old people shook their heads wisely, and sighed:

"The Jew and the Christian can never agree. There will no good come of it."

But the outcome was that Peretz went to Vienna to study, under the protection of Count Reichenberg.

His letters were full of hope and happiness; everything was pleasant and easy; he was already beginning to earn money, for he had formed a class of factory men and women whom he was teaching to read and write. He sent his mother all of his earnings that he could spare, and begged her not to work so hard.

In two years Peretz was admitted to the University, and after this he was able to support his mother in ease and comfort.

"Nu, Schedel," said her younger friends, "dost still wish to have thy Peretz home and minding the tailor's children? Thou livest at thine ease like a countess."

But Schedel looked up sadly from her knitting and complained, "What have I of my son when he is in Vienna and I am here?"

"Schedel is a discontented old grumbler," they said of her; but the old people sighed and said sympathetically, "She has her cares."

One day the neighbors found Schedel with a letter clasped tightly in her hand, lying as if dead on the floor. They laid her upon the bed and sent for old Dr. Pinkus, but in spite of all efforts she remained unconscious. Then they sent for the rabbi, who read the letter. It was as follows:

My Beloved Mother:

It near breaks my heart to write this, for I know how it will grieve thee. Didst thou but know what pain and struggle I have gone through, thou wouldst pity and not condemn me. What I am about to do *must* be, or all my striving all my life were in vain.

Mother, dear, it is only a form—an empty nothing. My soul still clings to thee, to our dear "Gass," to the beloved friends at home. But wouldst thou that I come back and go to work for the tailor again; or at best earn a scanty living by teaching at ten kreutzers an hour? Shall I, like Dr. Pinkus, smother my brain, my body, my soul, within the Ghetto walls? Were he not a Jew he could to-day be Professor at the medical college here. And poor Aaron Silberstein—is he not grown bent and gray and miserable in his wretched little shop? He might to-day be upon the Supreme Bench of Austria had he but consented to be baptized. I tell thee it is obstinacy, nothing but obstinacy! A short ceremony, a few drops of water—can they change the soul? Or does true religion consist in what one eats, or in the strap one binds upon the forehead, or that one prays in Hebrew? In the end they are all alike—Judaism and Christianity—both for the betterment, the happiness of mankind. All the rest is trifling—empty form. But we cannot transform the world. If the majority have prejudices and insist that we become Christians, it is absurd to stand like petulant

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children. It is madness to try to run our heads through a stone wall. Obstinacy, I say, sheer obstinacy! And I cannot sacrifice position, ease, comfort, wealth, hope, ambition—aye, fame (thou dost not dream of the heights to which I may aspire)—for an empty form. As a Jew in Vienna I cannot earn my salt. Moreover, my beloved friend and benefactor, Count Reichenberg, is being constantly reproached for his protection of a Jew, and must leave me to my fate unless I change. A thousand times rather death than back to the Ghetto! It is useless to try to dissuade me. The first steps are already taken. God help thee to see it in the right light. We shall yet be happy together, darling mother, till a hundred years. Dost remember how thou didst laugh and wonder that the Countess has her breakfast in bed? Thou wilt live like the Countess, mother, with a maid to save thy dear, tired feet every step, and silken dresses, and a new Sabbath cap for every week in the year.

Write that thou forgivest and still lovest thy affectionate son till death,

PERETZ.

P. S.—My letters are to be addressed to Father Ignatius Becker, at the Brother House of St. Benedictine.

The news spread like wildfire through the "Gass." The younger folks shrugged their shoulders, sighed, and looked wise.

"Wai!" lamented the old folks, wringing their hands. "A traitor in Israel. Poor Schedel!"

The doctor said there was no hope for the old woman. She would take neither food nor drink, and lay for days in a deep lethargy. On the seventh day of her illness another letter arrived. In fear and apprehension, yet half hoping to arouse her, the doctor took her hand and said:

"Frau Schedel, here is a letter for you."

Schedel for the first time opened her eyes.

"Isn't he done yet?" moaned she, feebly. "Read! read!" The doctor opened the letter. It contained only a few lines and a ten-gulden gold piece. He laid them both within her hand. Schedel slowly lifted her hand and looked with dim, bleared eyes at the coin. Then suddenly, with a cry, she sat up in bed.

"From him!" she cried with a shrill voice. "Does he think he can buy me as they have bought him—with a piece of gold!" And she flung the coin from her with such force that it crashed through the window and rolled on the pavement outside.

The neighbors stood around awaiting her death; the friends wept; the "pious women" were in readiness; but towards evening the wrinkle on the old doctor's forehead began to smooth out, for Schedel opened her eyes and said:

"Why do you sit here, Herr Doctor Leben, waiting for me to die? I shall not die yet."

"It all lies with you," replied he.

"I tell you I will live!" assured Schedel.

"She will live," said the doctor, and went home to his bed. He had hardly closed the door when Schedel said to the woman who was watching with her:

"Bele Leben, bring me that gold piece."

The woman gave her the coin, and Schedel placed it under her pillow. The next morning she breakfasted on bread and milk.

Every seventh day following this a letter containing a gold piece arrived, and with each new coin Schedel seemed to gain strength. Yet she grew thinner and paler every day; only her eyes seemed to live, and they gleamed with a strange, wild energy. She kept the coins carefully wrapped in an old piece of silk, and when she looked at them she would laugh a low, mirthless laugh that terrified those who heard her. She who had proudly refused all their help during her days of bitterest poverty now lived upon the soups and invalid dishes the neighbors sent her.

"Let me buy thee a bit of roasting meat," urged her neighbor Bele one day. "Thou needest it for thy strength."

"Have I money for roasting meat?" replied Schedel in surprise. Bele flushed red with anger.

"Hast thou not thy pocket heaped full of gold so that one hears it jingle a mile off!" she cried.

Schedel looked at her quietly for a moment, then said:

"If I were lying out on the street and dying, and one should say, For a penny of that gold thou canst buy a drop of water to save thy life, I would not buy it."

"Would one believe," said the people, contemptuously, "that Schedel should turn out such a miser?"

"One does not become a miser over night," said Dr. Pinkus. "There is something wrong with Schedel. She is planning something."

The morning after the sixth gold piece had arrived the "Gass" awoke to the

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astounding news that Schedel was gone and her house locked up.

Two weeks later an old woman, haggard, footsore, and travel-stained, joined a great throng crowding into the portals of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna.

"Art sure," asked she of the Jewish lad who was leading her by the hand, "that he who is to be baptized to-day is the young man Neuer? It must be a mistake."

"Shall I not know, when nothing else has been talked about for a month? Think not it is for him that all these people have come. Only last month, when the old law came in again and we Jews were forbidden to own land, three got baptized, but not a cock crowed about them. The people have come to see the Kaiser. He himself is to be godfather, on account of his friend the Count. Such a thing has never been before. My mother says she doesn't know whether it is an honor or a disgrace for the Jews. Anyhow, it will be a fine sight;" and the boy, stimulated by the promise of ten kreutzers, began elbowing his way through the crowd, and dragged the old woman with him into the Kaiser Chapel, already crowded to suffocation, where the ceremony was to take place.

In front, near the altar, on which a thousand candles glittered, were invited guests of the nobility, and in a place of honor Count Reichenberg and his family. Suddenly a glorious burst of organ music shook the air, the chancel door opened, and forth came the cardinal and bishops and a procession of priests, followed by choir-boys, some swinging censers. Then came the convert, led by two acolytes. He was covered from the neck to the ground by a sweeping robe of white, his face pale as death, his black eyes downcast.

When all were assembled, the chancel door again opened; a handsome, pleasant-faced young man entered and stood beside the convert. The church was hushed with awe. It was the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria!

Now the chant began, which the cardinal himself intoned. Then all again was silence, while the convert uttered the confession of faith, bowed his head to receive the holy water, raised a crucifix on high and pressed it to his lips.

It was done! The people were about to withdraw when a shrill voice in the congregation cried suddenly, "Wait!"

An old woman, disheveled, trembling, and wild-eyed, scrambled over the low altar rail.

"Wait!" she cried, with a low, mad laugh. "I've a gift for the newly baptized child. I've come afoot all the way from Maritz to bring it. See," she added, extending her tattered shoe, "not enough leather there to cut a little patch."

"She is mad," whispered the priests, and darted forward to seize her. But in a moment Peretz stood beside her with uplifted hand.

"She is my mother," he murmured.

At sight of him the old woman uttered a fearful shriek.

"Did you see him, all of you—did you see him kiss the crucifix? Phui! Thou wretch! accursed *Meshummed!* [renegade]. Here thou hast thy dirty gold," and she flung a handful of coin full into the young man's face. The blows seamed the flesh with livid white, which in a moment turned purple. The people stared.

"A maniac," "She raves," "Bind her," buzzed the crowd.

But she had flung herself on her son's neck, and was wailing,

"Have I hurt thee, Peretz, my life? I did not mean it. Oh, the poor bruised face," and she stroked the red spots gently with her withered fingers. "God forgive me! I am a wicked mother," she sobbed. Lifting her in his arms, Peretz carried her out into the vestry, where she lost consciousness.

When she again opened her eyes, she looked around in stupid amazement at the strangers, the priests, and the choir-boys.

"What are we doing here, Peretz?" she complained, querulously. "Come, let's go home. It seems to me," she whispered in his ear with scorn, "these here are nothing but *Goyim* [Gentiles]."

Two days later the "Gass" was in the ecstasy of excitement when a special coach from Seldau brought Peretz Neuer and the corpse of Schedel, his mother.

On the evening of the next day, when they buried her beside her husband, Peretz disappeared from the village.

For years he was never mentioned in

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the "Gass" without a curse. "Matricide" was the favorite name given him, and he was held up as a warning example to all unruly children. As time passed he was almost forgotten, and it was only his old-time friend Yaikew Holzman, whose business often brought him to Vienna, who kept his memory alive.

Once he came home with the announcement that Peretz, or rather Professor Doctor Franz Josef Neuer, as he was now called, being named after the Emperor, was going to be married to the daughter of Baron von Waldeck-Schleierbach. Another time that he was acknowledged the finest Greek scholar in all Europe. Then that his text-books were used in every school in Austria, and that he was making money "like hay."

Later this changed. He then reported that Peretz had two daughters, but did not live happily with his wife. Then they were speaking of a separation. Then he brought the exciting news that the Professor had been wounded in a duel with his brother-in-law, the young Baron, who had called him "a damned Jew." Years after they heard that he was separated from his wife and family and lived alone in a great stately mansion, with servants and carriages and all manner of riches.

Once they read in a paper which Yaikew brought from Vienna that the eminent Greek scholar, Dr. Neuer, was to spend the coming Easter holidays with his old friend Count Reichenberg at Schloss Maritz. The excitement in the "Gass" was great.

"So he is coming back!" "To show off his greatness!" "To taunt us with his riches!" "The accursed apostate!" were the comments of the people.

The Jews listened eagerly for gossip about Peretz, but all they heard was that his handkerchiefs were always spotted with blood, and that he took pellets at night to stop his cough.

"'Tis the wasting disease," they said; "God's judgment is upon him."

One day the children of the "Gass" came running home with the cry that the Count and his guests were riding through the village on their way to the hunt.

The gay cavalcade, at its head Dr. Neuer, came cantering down the street.

"Seest him, the wretch?" whispered the Jewish women, pointing him out to their children, on whom the moral of a familiar story was lost, for they gazed with delight at the wicked infidel; indeed, never had a nobler-looking man been seen in the "Gass." His hair was gray, his smoothly shaven face lined with care and disease, but he sat, a manly figure of perfect elegance and grace, on a high-stepping milk-white horse, and the large black eyes glanced with haughty indifference about him.

"He is not even ashamed," cried the people with rage, as the riders disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The great Passover festival had arrived. Through all the village, aye, even at the princely Schloss Maritz, was its wide and subtle influence manifest. Professor Neuer, his heart heavy with memories, feverishly paced a long dark corridor, when suddenly the clear voice of the young Countess Gisela reached his ear.

"That Jew girl," she cried angrily, "sends me word that, on account of one of their heathenish festivals, she cannot mend my tunic. It is most exasperating! She is the only lace-maker in the village."

"We shall admire the fair penitent in another gown," replied her husband, jestingly.

"You know," pursued the Countess, petulantly, "that I have vowed my Lenten gowns shall be only of black or gray. 'Tis my long tunic of black Duchesse—only a small tear—a few hours' work. The ungrateful creature! I have given her no end of work, and now, for nothing at all—oh, they are all alike, these Jews! I cannot understand papa's infatuation for this Jew—this Dr. Neuer. His haughtiness irritates me. Haughtiness! It is his Jewish impudence."

"I had thought the baptismal waters washed away that taint these twenty years ago," interposed the young Count, laughingly.

"Absurd! as if baptism could wash it away. No. A Jew is a Jew, and remains a Jew. 'Tis in the blood—Judas's blood!"

Dr. Neuer smiled bitterly as he walked on and the voices died away behind the heavy portières.

But in the "Gass," the despised, they of the Judas blood, were seating themselves joyfully at the snowy *Seder* tables, there

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to celebrate symbolically and with praise and song the redemption of the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage.

The festival in Yaikew Holzman's house was particularly happy.

Old Holzman read the service, filling in the intervals with merry jokes and reminiscences. The children crammed themselves with sweets, toyed with the sprigs of horseradish which they were bidden to eat in commemoration of the bitterness of their ancestors' lives in Egypt, and giggled as they slyly threw the bitter herb under the table.

"Granddaddy, dear," said Isserl, Yaikew's youngest, in the midst of the meal, the resting-place in the service, "for whom is that glass of wine there that no one drinks?"

"Listen to our little one," laughed old Holzman, patting the child proudly; "he questions like a Talmud scholar."

"That," he explained, "is for the prophet Elijah. After we have eaten and said grace, we will throw wide open the door, that Elijah may enter. If he comes, it will be a forerunner of the Messiah; then next year we shall all be in Jerusalem."

"Let me open the door for Elijah," cried Isserl, leaping from his chair after grace had been said.

He flung wide open the door.

"Here he is," he piped gleefully.

The company uttered a cry of terror, for in the doorway stood a man; not the long-haired, barefoot Nazarite, but an elegant gentleman in faultless evening attire. A sable-lined cloak hung upon his shoulders, and around his neck on a ribbon hung an imperial decoration—the Golden Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"Pardon me," said he, timidly, stepping into the room. "Did I frighten you? Dost thou not know me, Yaikew?"

"Peretz," gasped Yaikew, white to the lips.

"Have you not room for an old friend at your *Seder* table?" pleaded Neuer, with a faint smile.

The company stared, with pale, troubled faces, but old Holzman cried scornfully:

"This is a Jewish festival; it is not intended for the *Goy*. Why do you come and disturb my festival?" he added, roughly.

Neuer stood at the door, hat in hand, meekly as a beggar. His lips trembled pitifully, his eyes roved large and pleading over the happy family group and the old familiar scene.

"I was—so homesick," he murmured, faintly, trembling in every limb.

"Father, let him remain," urged Yaikew. "Dost thou not see that the man is sick? Surely he is penitent."

"Penitent!" cried the old man, fiercely. "See the sign of his penitence. See! he wears it on his bosom!" And he pointed with trembling finger at the cross on Peretz's breast.

For a moment the bitter smile which the Countess's scorn had called forth hovered again on Peretz's lips. It was quickly replaced by his habitual haughtiness.

"Pardon my intrusion!" he said, coldly, but he clutched the doorpost and reeled like a drunken man as he walked away and disappeared in the darkness.

An hour later the "Gass" was disturbed by breathless ejaculations and hurried footsteps on the quiet street.

"What has happened?" cried Yaikew from his doorway.

"A corpse—they have found a corpse in the cemetery," whispered a passer-by.

Yaikew seized a lantern and ran with the rest. The joy of the festival was at an end. The men hurried down the street with pale faces, the terror-stricken women clasped their children, and in every mind raged the horrible memories of the "blood accusation."

All hearts failed when, arrived at the cemetery, they saw the form of a man stretched lifeless across a grave.

"The *Meshummed!*" gasped a dozen breaths.

The grave on which he lay was that of his mother. Beside him was an old, black prayer-book, bearing Schedel's name on the fly-leaf. It lay open at the *Kaddish*, the mourner's prayer for the dead, that glorious exaltation of God, that deathless, ancient cry which with mysterious power binds together all Israel as with imperishable bonds of steel.

Peretz the Renegade sleeps in the cemetery of St. Benedictine, under a massive marble cross; but every year, at the anniversary of his death, that ancient *Kaddish* prayer rises to heaven, and a deathlight is kindled in his memory, in the house of Yaikew Holzman of the "Gass."

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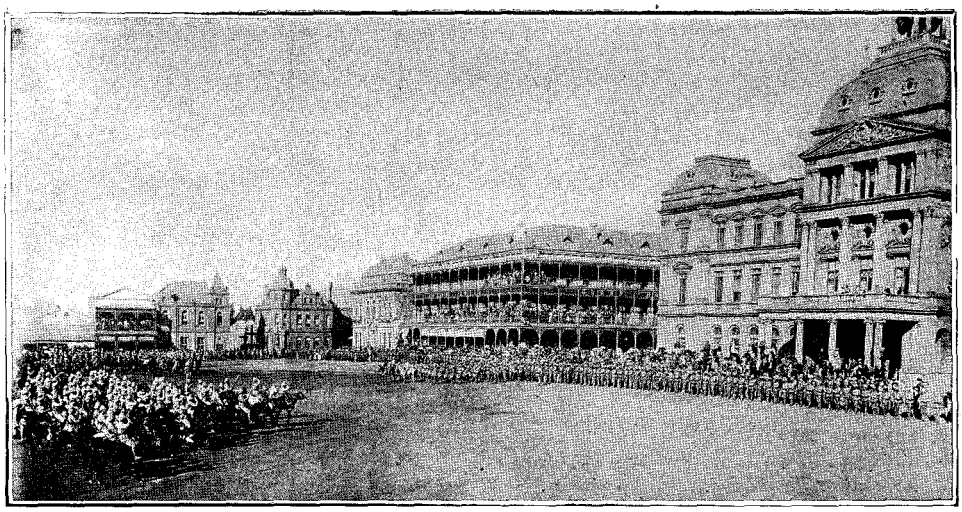
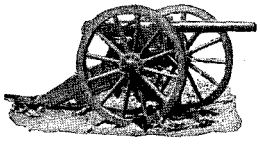


RAISING THE BRITISH FLAG AT PRETORIA

THE BRITISH AT PRETORIA[1]

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner in South Africa for The Outlook



IT is the Transvaal capital. The khaki people are outside on the slopes of the great hills; one would scarcely know they were there. A sentry paces up and down before the bank at the corner; there is another up the street. The army rests; it is a breathing-space, perhaps, but the long march is done; the fighting is nearly over. They are here at last—the place they started for so many months ago.

I can see them now if I close my eyes, and I will see them all my life—the plodding, grimy, hawk-faced men!—line upon line of them sweeping over the sun-dried, dusty veldt. I can see them sitting, weary and listless, by the side of the trampled, wheel-hacked road. I can hear the rumbling of artillery, the groaning of the great wagons, the yawping of the Kaffir drivers, the swishing of the long-lashed whips.

Marked here and there with the tell-tale earthen mounds six feet by two, milestoned with dead horses, dotted with the bivouac sites, the trail of the armed pilgrimage stretches behind us. And it seems long ago to me, for the simple reason that I am in a comfortable room, with electric lights, and a little button below a card directing you to press so many times for anything you want. There is a carpet on the floor, and curtains at the windows. I have been here a week, and am just beginning to get used to the button, the hot and cold water faucets, and the big brass bedstead. The first night of it was miserable; I worried myself sleepless trying to persuade myself how wonderfully comfortable it all was, and endeavoring to convince myself, moreover, that this was really Pretoria—Pretoria, that shook her fist in Great Britain's face, that took up arms and defiantly dared her to come on. It couldn't be Pretoria—this quiet little town, with its churches and public buildings, its open shops, its watering-carts spraying the dusty streets, its English signs, and tennis-courts and flower-gardens. It was Pittsfield, Massachusetts. It was Trenton, New Jersey. It was any quiet, better-class town in any prosperous State in the Union. The long pilgrimage could not be ended! Why, we had walked in. When we did walk in, after a few salutes at the gates, just as if we had been invited, which is more or less fact, we were guests apparently welcome and

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expected. The forts of Swartz Kop, Klapper Kop, and Schanze Kop had not even frowned at us. Here came uniformed porters to take our luggage at the hotels! Hack-drivers stood outside waiting for fares! Could Kruger and his Cabinet have been sincere when they said Pretoria would be defended to the last gasp? Was it not all a good-humored joke when the Transvaal shook her apparently threatening and defiant fist? No, the graves out on the veldt and up on the stony kopjes, the dreary war-swept country outside, were no joke. Nor was the past a dream. Yet it was Pretoria.

I could not help thinking what would have been the difference if the Boers had entered any of the English towns they had tried so hard to get at. Pale, half-starved people would have glared at them, little children weakened by long diet of horse food and horse flesh would have clung to their frightened mothers—the mothers who had worked in the crowded hospitals, who had passed sleepless days and nights underground in the bomb-proofs, near the ruined, blackened houses, everywhere the marks of the blasting shells! There might have been a few handfuls of weary-eyed prisoners, worn by the long watching in the trenches; there would have been wounded men in the market-place and dead men on the corners—suffering and desolation—war! That would have been the story of Ladysmith, of Kimberley, of plucky little Mafeking. There would have been smashing of windows, wild riding on the streets. But why these imaginings?

There is no sign here of conquerors or conquered. It is the amazing part of it! When, at two o'clock on Tuesday, June 5, Lord Roberts and his staff took their position on the north side of the public square, and the little silken flag that Lady Roberts had made (that had floated at Bloemfontein, at Kroonstad, at Johannesburg) lifted to the flagstaff, there sounded an English cheer. That minute the Transvaal became British territory. The released officers from the bird-cage were perhaps the loudest-voiced, but there were many burghers who joined in with a feeling of relief. There was assurance of safety in the very order, there was the comfort of stability in the sense of power behind it. In the crowd were men who had fought; there were men who yet had on their bandoliers filled with sharp-pointed Mausers, their rifles were yet in their hands. It was wonderful! As the dun-colored lines went by, these men watched them with an expression of mere curiosity. They asked the names of the regiments, and when it was all over they asked what they should do with their arms. They were tired fighting; they had no more desire to kill the men in helmets. Their homes were safe. They could call their liberty their own. They were not dissatisfied. Even Mrs. Kruger, who appeared on her doorstep, was not worried.

Thus it was that the whole scene struck the beholder as confusing. It had to be thought over and puzzled out to be properly understood. It was a relieved city, not a conquered one—that was the forced deduction. There was a diversity of opinion, doubtless, but a city that had undergone seven changes of government in seven days, whose citizens had lived through a week of terror from internal threatenings, must have felt relieved. Their President and his Cabinet had deserted and robbed them, foreign adventurers had foisted themselves upon them, the burghers themselves before the British entry had looted their own government stores. They had been misled and lied to. It was their sole revenge.

Said a prominent burgher to me:

"For months we have spoken quietly among ourselves, 'When the English come,' and talked so of the future. Our officials were saying, 'The English will never reach here—they are starving—they mutiny—they will not face our burghers—their officers drive them to fight with whips,' and our papers, under orders, printed stories of victories that never happened, till we smiled among ourselves. Only the very ignorant were deceived. Oh, yes, I fought. I was wounded at Colenso. I came back to fight no more. I knew. But see here—"

He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket. It was from the "Volkstim" of a recent issue. It detailed a number of British reverses that I could not recall having ever heard of, which, seeing I had been on the spot, was not a strange thing, but they were in the form of official despatches, giving them, on paper at least, an air of authenticity. The editor, out

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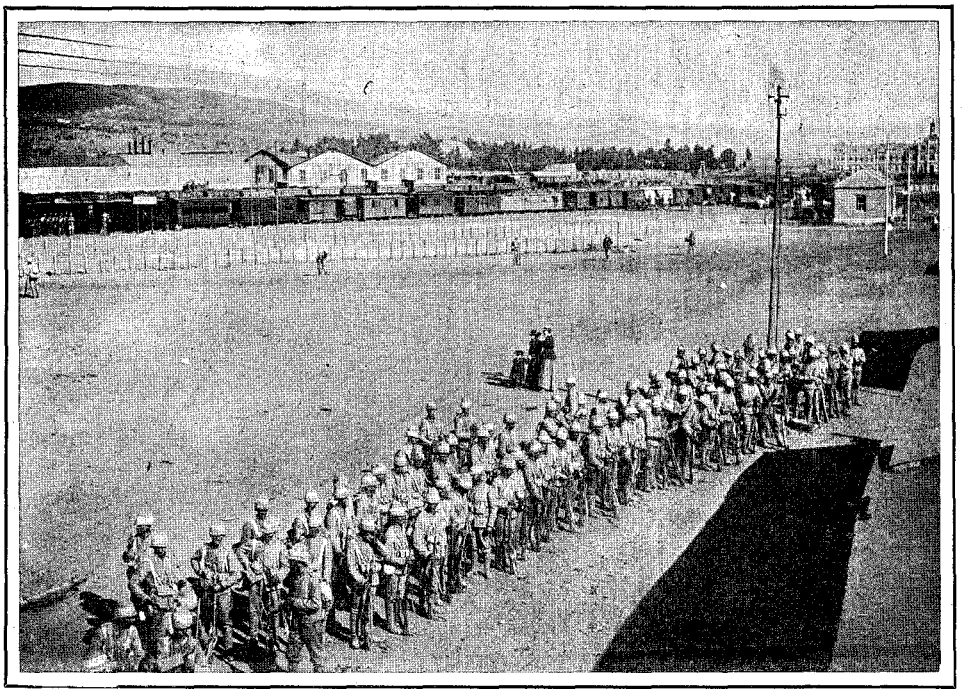

FIRST BRITISH SOLDIERS ENTERING PRETORIA

FIRST BRITISH PRISONERS ARRIVING AT PRETORIA

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of a sense of humor or disgust, had added a little paragraph of his own.

"We are also informed," wrote he, "that Lord Kitchener and Lord Methuen are wounded, Lord Roberts is a prisoner, and the rest of the English army have committed suicide!"

"How about Kruger and his advisers?" I asked. "What did they hope to gain?"

He shrugged his shoulders (a Boer can dodge a direct question like a Yankee) and looked at me keenly.

"I suppose they had their hopes," he answered.

"Foreign intervention?"

"Ya, most certainly."

"And the gold?"

"They spent much trying to get that intervention. There was an American,

LORD ROBERTS'S INDIAN GUARD

a politician, who could tell you that," he added. "And there were Irish, and French, and Germans, and Hollanders—they got most. There was some sent to England, too. All the rest they took away, and paid all their debts in paper—it is no good."

"But President Kruger?"

"He hoped for miracles. He was already the richest man in the Transvaal—the others had to make it all; they were not so rich."

"Do you think the people would wish them to come back?"

"There are some that had better not come back," was the reply.

Then I asked him if he had seen a boy who had come all the way from America with a resolution of sympathy from some school children.

"Ya—that was funny."

We spoke of the Boer generals. Louis Botha, Erasmus and Lucas Meyer, were friends of his.

"Botha is a proud man," said he. "And now he wants terms. He knows he cannot win, but he wishes to save his name. He does not want money. Erasmus is an old-style Boer fighting general—not so clever. Lucas Meyer I knew also well. He had great influence at first, but Botha is the best soldier the Boers have had."

I have noticed a strange thing. The Boer always speaks of himself in the third person. He seldom uses "we" or "us." He says, "The Boers were over here," or "Do you think the Boers will return?"

I do not think that there was ever a people so hard to understand. They are as elusive in character as they are on the field. One cannot guess their thoughts any more than one can anticipate their sudden movements.

Just an instance or two. There is a man here in town named De Korte, a recent judge and inspector of police under the Kruger rule; two days before the British entry he was doing his utmost to secure the removal of the prisoners at Waterval, although this was contrary to an agreement made with the captured English officers to the effect that if the unruly prisoners (who had been unfed for two days) were kept from breaking out, they would not be removed. He actually persuaded nine hundred to leave the stockade and go under guard to the railway station. It was promised that they would be taken to neutral Portuguese territory and set free. They are now under confinement at a place near Elandspruit—the promise was not kept.

Yet this man, in company with Louis da Souza, Burgomeister Potgieter, Smit, the Railway Commissioner, Kleynhaus, Minister of Mines (also acting Treasurer-General), Hans Minuar, Registrar of

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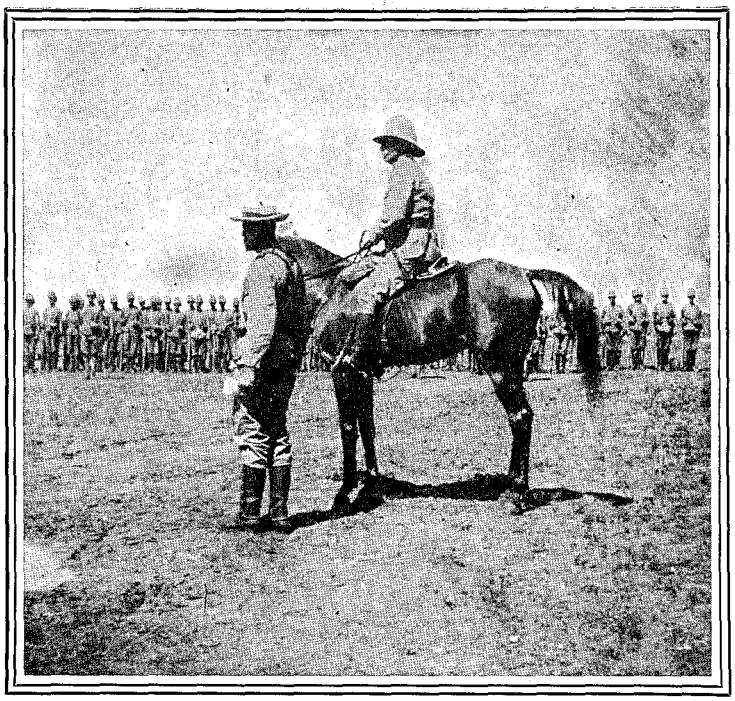

LORD ROBERTS REVIEWING THE NAVAL BRIGADE

Deeds, Waerda, Chief of Public Works, Landrost Zeiler, Commandant Zeederberg, and De Beer, Inspector of Offices, came out to meet Lord Roberts and surrender the eagerly expectant town, De Korte volunteering to lead them.

Strange to say, Botha, with his few thousand irreconcilables, was on the northern outskirts. He had left but the morning of our entry; a few shots had been fired almost within sound of the Public Square. He had threatened to bombard the place the moment the English entered—which was most inconsiderate, everything taken into account. So Lord Roberts held the surrendering committee, and they sent a message to Botha. He withdrew some fourteen miles, and sent word that he would fight to the last, elsewhere.

All this was the strange undercurrent of the peaceful scene, that did not show in the least on the surface. There were the cheering crowd, the tame Boers with their irksome armaments, there was the committee in frock coats and tall hats, there were the watering-carts, the open shops, the hospitable hotels—and English flags rising everywhere in the example of the one that lifted on the public buildings.

It is stranger than it was confusing. Most of the committee now hold positions under the military and provisional governments. De Beer is an adviser, and De Korte is at the head of the Boer police—for Boer policemen, with badges on their arms, still patrol the streets and assist the military. But there seems little use for either; the town might, to all appearance, be managed by one sleepy constable.

Sunnyside is a pretty little suburb of Pretoria; yet it is not exactly a suburb, but a quarter of the town, and is only separated by a clear running brook, crossed, except in one place where there is a real bridge, by drifts. It was here that Lord Roberts took up his headquarters—at the British Residency; and nestling in back yards and down the tree-shrouded lanes were the camps of his body-guard and followers.

There were tents and covered wagons, pickets and camp-fires, everywhere among the little villas. At night it looked more like a gypsy encampment than the headquarters of an army.

The town, patrolled every night and policed every day, showed no evidence of any internal dissatisfaction. The Government, under the administration of Gen-

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eral Maxwell, military governor, and filled, in its various branches, by appointees from the staff or line, went on as smoothly as clockwork. Outside the town troops were camped, holding the ridges and keys of the positions.

There was some fighting and much heavy skirmishing to the eastward of the town, but of this I need not here write a detailed description. But a person living within the precincts of the town could perceive nothing of the rough side of warfare, and had not General Botha and his few obstinate followers remained under arms, the military restrictions might have been relaxed, and peace, with its attendant joys and privileges, would have been in full possession. Much suffering and hardship could have been avoided.

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
Boer Commander-in-Chief.

But a strange condition of affairs existed. For ten days Pretoria was absolutely cut off from communication with the south. General De Wet, that bold and hardy leader, had revived his forces in the Free State. The long line of railway, practically unguarded, had been broken in several places. Newly constructed bridges had been destroyed, convoys had been taken, wires had been cut, and misguided and wanton mischief, that could have no possible bearing on the result, was rife.

People in London were much better informed of the condition of affairs than we were in Pretoria. With the lines destroyed, the correspondents had resorted to precarious despatch-riding, and as much as £30 was offered for carrying despatches through to the rail-head at Kroonstad.

Of the nine men who started in one week but three were successful. Three were captured and three turned back. But yet, as before, Pretoria continued quiet. There was no advance upon Leydenburg. It was only gradually that the effect of all this began to show.

There was a meaning in the whispering groups at the street corners. At the hotels that were frequented by officers the corridors and bar-rooms, dining and billiard rooms, were thronged by foreign-looking people, who edged close to listen and pick up scraps of conversation.

The undercurrent of suspicion, and hatred even, of the minority appeared on the surface. Exaggerated rumors of all kinds filled the air. "Botha was on the outside of town with six thousand men." He was constantly being supplied, it was said, with news and information. Conspiracies were unearthed, and men who were profiting by the British occupation, and had taken the oath of neutrality, were found to be concerned in these. Others who should have been neutrals because of their nationality and birth were found to be involved also in the plottings of the Boers.

The continuance of the struggle, fostered for what reason no one who knew the real situation could fathom, brought hardships in its train. The military rule became more strict. A feeling of vague suspicion and mistrust awoke between the soldiery and townsfolk. Stringent methods became necessary; horses were needed; the remounts on their way up from the south were prevented from arriv-

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ing by the mischief-makers in the Free State.

There was a resort perforce to Boer methods, even for the protection of the town itself. Every horse in town was commandeered. Those who could show reason why they should retain their property were given licenses to own and permits to drive in the streets. The rest were all taken and properly paid for.

The line was repaired almost as quickly as it was destroyed, but it was strange how the falsity of the apparent situation added to the trouble. A few hundred yeomanry were captured somewhere along the railway line. It caused no dismay at headquarters in peaceful Sunnyside. It was an irritation, as was the destruction of some two thousand mail-pouches, and the capture of winter clothing destined for the First Division.

A TYPICAL BOER SCOUT

But it set some of the people talking harder. The leniency and trustfulness, the invitation implied and extended to join in and help, "all hands together," was unappreciated, and so the conditions grew still harder. With the two capitals in English possession, and both Governments in flight, there appeared to rise the desire to foster a forlorn hope.

Baden-Powell's coming from Mafeking was but a ripple. The man who refused to be downed or daunted, who had jumped from a clever Colonel with ambitions to a Major-General by the sheer force of dogged determination and a cheerful heart, rode into town almost unheralded.

In fact, until he had met the guard sent out to meet him, he had ridden almost alone; but five or six men accompanied him from Rustenburg.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of him outside of town. Somehow, he looked un-English. He wore no straps or ribbons. In appearance he looked the Western cavalry leader who might have fought in our own frontier wars. Here was the man that the real Boer admired and feared more than any that the English army had produced.

Had his approach been universally known, there would have been a large crowd to greet him in the Plaza. As it was, but few knew of his coming, but there was a cheer as soon as he was recognized.

A citizen of English appearance dismounted from a bicycle, and, pressing through the crowd, shook him by the hand. I was close enough to overhear the conversation.

"We've waited for you here a long time, Colonel," he said. "May I shake hands with you?"

"Certainly," said the General, laughingly. "I thought I'd get here some time."

With that he and his escort galloped along through the street on their way to meet the Field-Marshal at Sunnyside. There were hearty greetings when they met. A shake of the hand, and they repaired to the Residency for luncheon. At every corner the two men who had won most renown in the war were subjected to heavy camera fire. As they dismounted they had to submit to a volley of machine-photography; and I suspect, long before this is in print, the publics of

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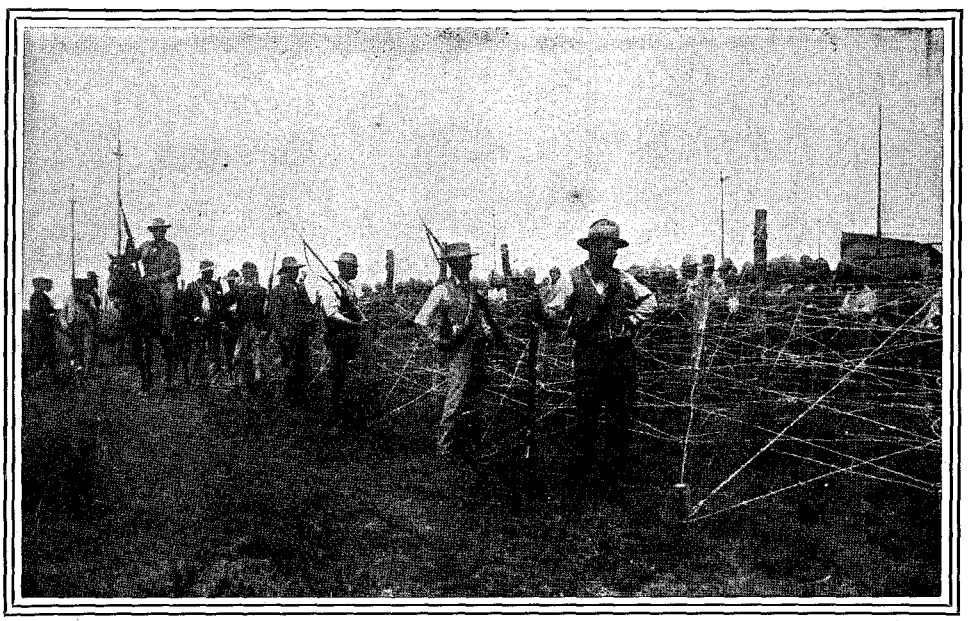
the London music halls have seen the Field-Marshal and the keen-eyed, thin-faced man with the cowboy hat, with the well-known "Denver poke" in the crown, come strolling down across the canvas screen.

He stayed but a day, and went back to join his command at Rustenburg, and before long much more will have been heard of him. But I shall not forget another glimpse I had of "B.-P.," as his friends call him, at the Pretoria Club.

He came in quietly for a few minutes and reached a corner with some friends. Englishmen are neither demonstrative nor effusive in their greetings. Those who knew him went up and spoke to him. But there was no reception or ovation. He seemed to enjoy his drink like an ordinary person; indulged in some conversation that was apparently amusing—for he has the saving grace of the ambitious man who will grow to larger things—unconsciousness and a sense of humor. It is safe to wager that should Baden-Powell make mistakes or meet with misfortunes, his popularity will never wane. But to return to Pretoria, for my pen has carried me into generalities.

It was known for a long time, but the censor absolutely refused to allow it to be published abroad, that the English Government, as represented by the military authorities, had taken a high hand in regard to the position assumed and the part played by the Transvaal Hollander and German in the war from its beginning, particularly by the Government railways, which were managed and controlled by foreigners, and which represented almost solely Dutch interests. They were antagonistic to British influence and combated British control.

At the outset they had absolutely refused to assist in any way, and in the south of the Transvaal the situation had been met in a manner dictated by necessity. Engine-drivers and railway employees who had refused to work were compelled to. That is the flat truth of it. Armed guards stood by them to see that they did their work. They were "commandeered" for the public good and safety.



BRITISH PRISONERS AT WATERVAL

The antagonism previously dictated by the management of the monopoly became a serious thing. The Transvaal burgher who had laid down his arms and honestly wished to go back to his farm drifted out of the question. A serious problem arose in Pretoria itself, a problem that would have been obviated had there been an official recognition of English rights as a conquering and therefore paramount power by the government that had left for the hills.

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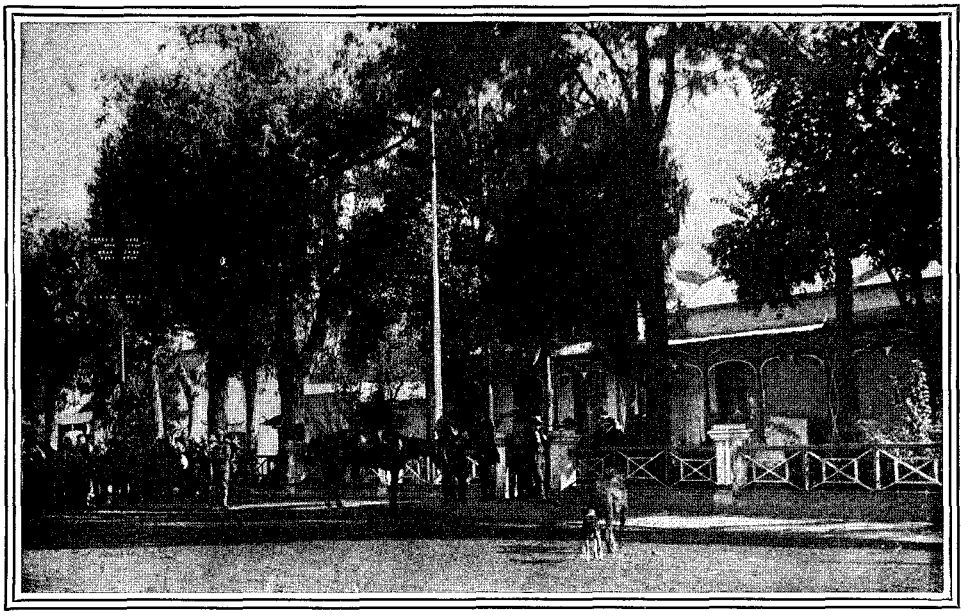
Employees (again almost entirely foreigners) had been warned that should they accept positions and work under English control they would lose all benefits accruing from the system of a self-protective agency organized years before and amounting to a large sum in the possession of the Hollander Directorate. Every day groups of men could be seen standing outside of the railway offices. They indulged in long talks and much gesticulating. Some, adhering to the orders of their former employers, refused to work or to assist the powers now in control. Others admitted the situation and went to work. The town became full of idle persons, whose

Gradually it became known that many of them were under orders to leave the country. These orders had no reference to the born burgher or to those who had become naturalized before the outbreak of hostilities, or to those who were engaged in occupations that were not inimical to the interests of the public, regarded as future British subjects.

The proscription became more sweeping, until it appeared as if the previous leniency of Lord Roberts (which, beyond all doubt, had been misunderstood and abused) had changed to measures appearing to be most drastic and severe.

It seems a strange and sudden jump



THE BRITISH TAKING POSSESSION OF PRESIDENT KRUGER'S RESIDENCE

allegiance and adherence were to ideas and interests contrary, under the circumstances, to the permanence of English rule.

They were people of foreign birth who had held civil appointments under the Pretorian Government, who could never, in the course of events, occupy those positions again. The fact that the government they had served had deserted them and paid its indebtedness in worthless money made them much to be pitied. At the same time, the fact remained that, under the existing order of things and in the continuance of English rule and influence, their services would be no longer required.

that I have taken from purely personal narrative to a somewhat scattering account of inner politics, but without this as an explanation there could come no coherent understanding of the present condition of things in Pretoria.

And now to tell of the present conditions as they actually exist and are apparent on the surface.

It will take a long time before the latent hatred and dislike of the unprogressive party of the Boers will die away. It may take years, it may take another generation. But there exists a strong progressive party that has already proved itself to greatly outnumber the discontented

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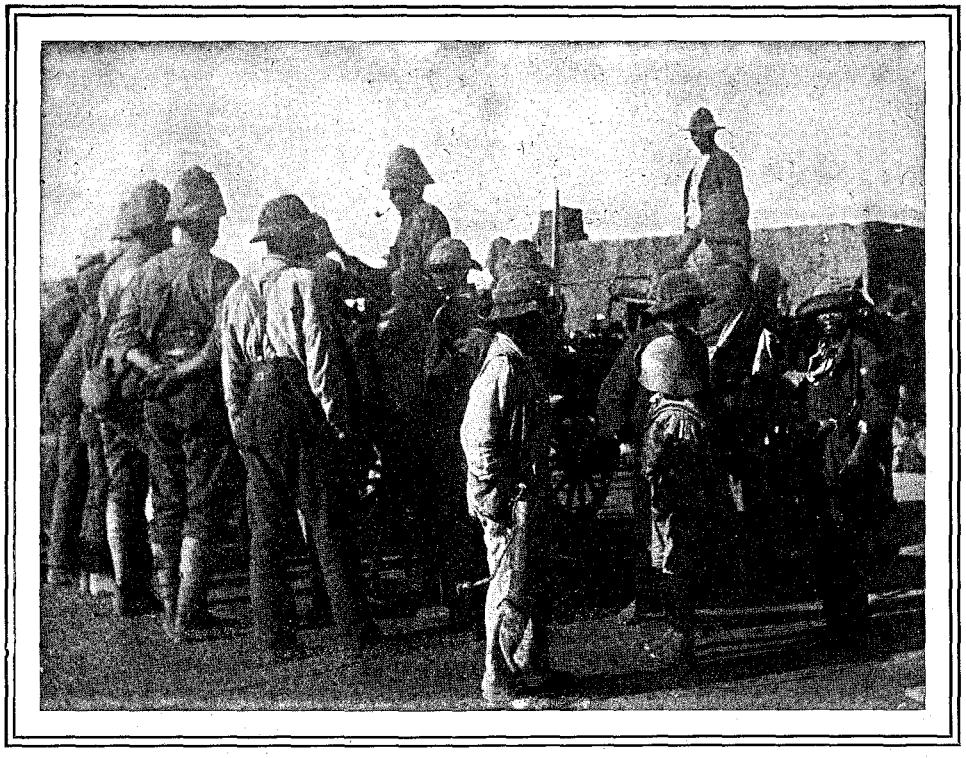

GIVING UP BOER ARMS

ones. And the leaders of this party have taken hold with a will, and before long their work in the reconstruction and amalgamation of this unhappy land will be evident.

It is the unsettled position that is now galling to every one; and here I must mention something that has arisen very similar to one of the questions evoked during our war with Spain—the volunteer. Here in South Africa, serving as ordinary troopers, are men from every corner of the Empire. There are young clerks and barristers from London, men of private means and fortune, shopkeepers, mine-owners and sheep-raisers from Cape Colony, judges and tea-planters from Ceylon and India, and hardy Australians and Tasmanians from the antipodes. Our cousins from our own side of the water also—business men from Montreal and the French Canadians of Quebec, young fellows from the Western cattle ranges, and hundreds of Americans also, for one meets them everywhere.

They have all had Pretoria before their eyes, they should go home with "Pretoria" in their throats; and the fact of the matter is that England has now before her but a big policing job.

Honestly, I have never met with a more cheerful set than these same volunteers. The regular English soldier is a product. The volunteer has sprung into existence. He is not an exotic exactly, but he is new to the world so far as England is concerned.

I fell into conversation with a grimy-looking trooper the other day. He was acting as orderly, and carried a big blue envelope in his hand.

We had not spoken two words before I knew that he was a gentleman. He was mounted on a sorry little beast with curly hide like a Newfoundland dog.

"Beautiful creature, this," he remarked, by way of beginning the conversation. "I am going to have a photograph taken of him. The fact is, if I can, I'm going to take him home. Rather big 'if,'" he concluded. "We're not allowed many privileges."

Yet here was a man who had provided his own horse (he told me it had been shot back at Kaffir River) and outfit, and, for that matter, from what I have since

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learned, he could have outfitted a squadron from his own private purse and never felt it.

"Tell me," said I, "are you glad you came out?"

He thought a little while.

"Well," said he, "I know I will be." He kicked the pony's sides. "Sometimes it's a bit of a bore, but I'm awfully fit, and won't I have a good time when I get back to London!" He slapped the pony with the long blue envelope. "I'd like to ride this gee down the Row," he said, "just to see what people would say."

"Dressed just as you are?" I suggested.

"Oh, well," was the answer, "I *would* like another pair of breeches. Can't get another pair for love or money—been all over town. There is only one thing that worries me, however," he added: "can't get any letters. We've been knockin' about so that I suppose they're tired sending them after us. Haven't heard from home for almost two months."

He left me and turned down a side street to deliver his note. Afterwards I met him again and learned his name. Some day he may have a title to it. His first cousin has one already, and is on a general's staff.

Crossing the square, I met my friend the trooper again some time later. He is very young, hardly more than a boy, and he greeted me boyishly.

"I say," he began, "funny thing just now. Met a Tommy over there who looked at me hard and then came up and spoke to me. Somehow I thought I'd seen him before. 'Isn't this Master Edward?' he asked. Who do you suppose it was—the gardener's son from my father's place! We had quite a talk, and he gave me the news of the family. He had got some letters since I had." He switched off suddenly. "There's an awful pretty girl over in that store, but she won't look at me. Every time I go in there that cross-eyed Dutchman comes to the counter. I'll have to get a new pair of breeches."

I asked him if he had seen his cousin, whom I knew. "Yes, I saw him the other day," he replied. "Had to salute him. Felt like going up and punching him, but, of course, I couldn't do that."

It happened that I met his cousin with the red lapels and the crowns on his shoulder, and told him. He laughed at the story.

"Cheeky little rascal!" he said. "Would have been just like him to do it—and I'd had to put him under arrest. Heard he was here—been trying to get hold of him. This knocking about will do him lots of good."

Now, that's one type of volunteer. He's out for a lark, and I don't think for one minute that he has regarded anything seriously—even the fact of being shot at. But there is the other sort of chap—of whom I have met several; and his lot is not so easy. He is the man who has abandoned business or a practice to take up his military service, and in many cases he has suffered most severely.

It is only just now, during this period of inaction, when the thing seems almost finished, that he feels the hardship most. But he indulges in little or no complaining, and only expresses the hope that the war will soon be over. So far as he is concerned it is over, and the English Government has already done a wise thing in beginning to establish the Volunteer Police, which calls for a separate enlistment. Before many weeks have gone I hope to hear that the transports are ready to take some of the volunteers back to the place they came from.

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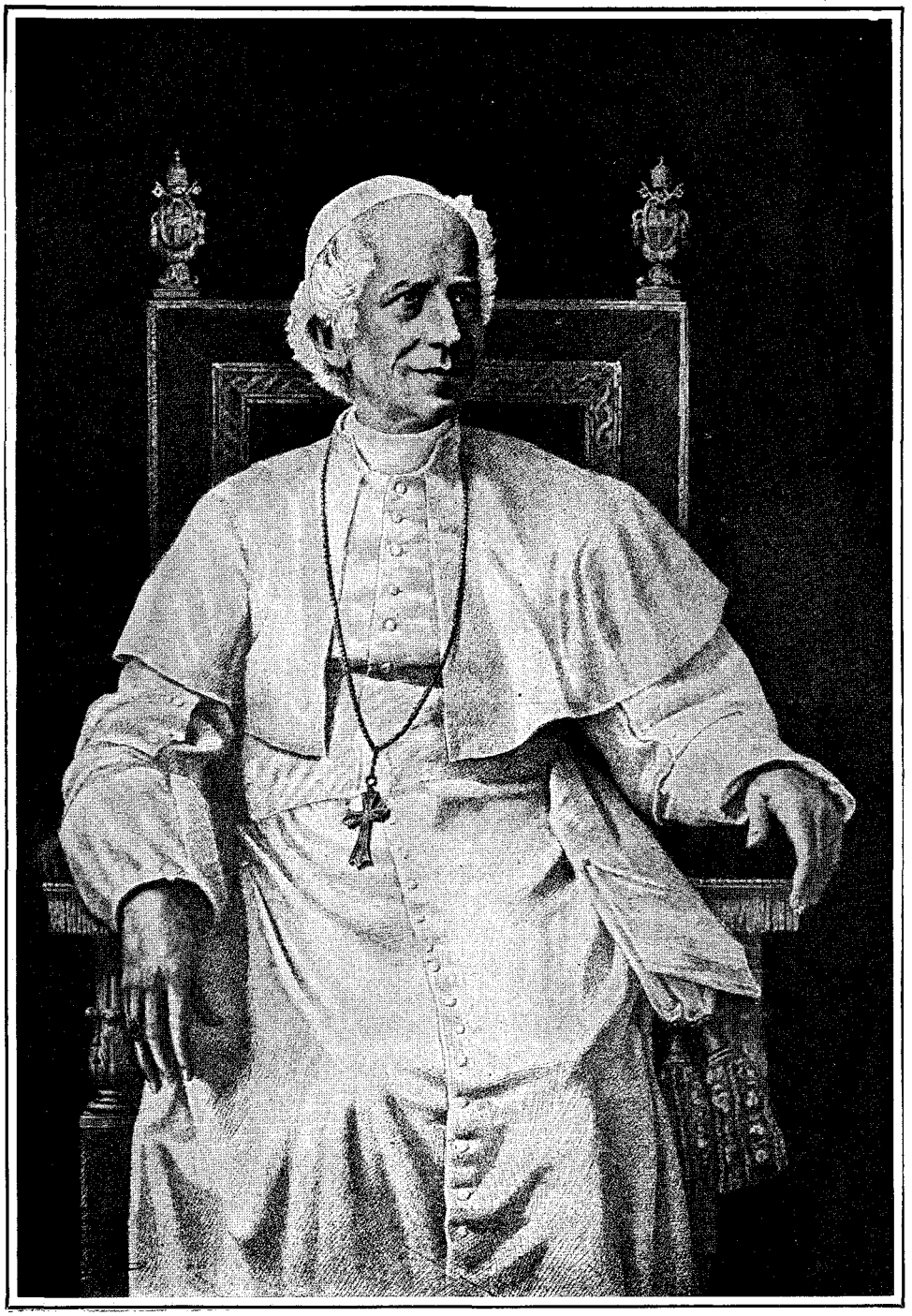

LEO XIII.

After a painting by P. Foussaint

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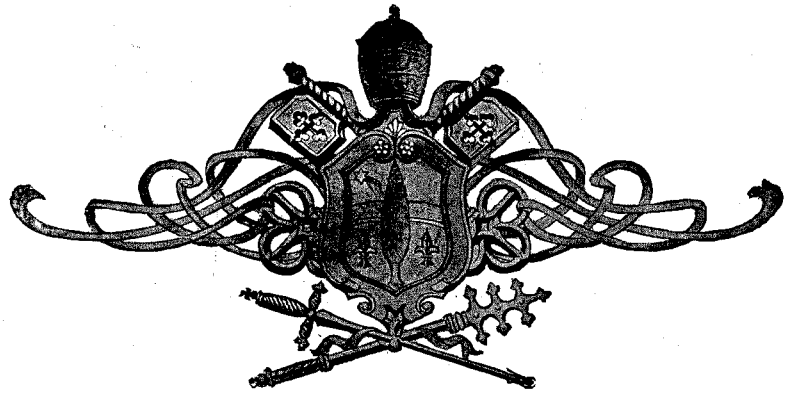

LEO XIII. AND THE NEXT POPE

By the Rev. Enrico Meynier, LL.D.

Pastor of the Waldensian Church in Rome

LEO XIII. is the two hundred and sixty-third Pope of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such is Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, successor of the Prince of Apostles, highest Prelate of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the Occident, Primate of Italy, Metropolitan Archbishop of the Roman Province, and finally Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church.

Leo XIII. was born on the 2d of March, 1810; he therefore celebrated his ninetieth birthday last March. He was elected Pope on the 20th of February, 1878, and he has thus completed more than twenty years of his Pontificate. He has enjoyed a well-earned fame as an adroit diplomat, and all of his policy has as its scope the obtaining and maintenance of good relations with all the Powers, except, naturally, with Italy. His first step was to notify all Governments (except the Italian) of his elevation to the Pontificate, and to follow this up by letters to the various sovereigns, in which he showed how he proposed to dissipate every existing dissension between the Vatican and the respective States. Where relations had been broken off, the Pope proposed, with an equity and courtesy which did him honor, to take them up again.

He began this line of operations by addressing a letter to the German Emperor, a letter now of great historic importance, in which he expressed the desire that the dissensions on account of the May Laws should cease. The Kaiser passed on the letter to Prince Bismarck, who suggested to his sovereign the propriety of accepting the propositions of the new Pope and of responding to them in a respectful and well-wishing manner. From that time the Vatican received with eagerness every wish expressed by the Iron Chancellor, even if the Center (the Roman Catholic party in Germany) registered its opposition. The end of all was that Bismarck submitted more than he supposed to the Papal authority in order himself to hold the Center in check. Throughout all the negotiations the Pope in no way endangered good relations with Protestant Germany.

Who does not remember how much Leo XIII. did in order not to rouse inimical feelings in France? He finished by espousing the cause of the Republic, and by breaking with the Royalists and the Imperialists. Many Bishops were not able to swallow the bitter pill, but the Pope never let an occasion pass to prejudice them toward obedience to his will, although that obedience had to be passive in some cases, and not active. Even when the Radical Cabinets, such as those presided over by MM. Bourgeois, Brisson, and Waldeck-Rousseau, had recourse to energetic acts against the clergy, the Pope

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ALFONSO CAPECELATRO

MARIANO RAMPOLLA DEL TINDARO

not only made no protest, but showed himself, on the other hand, rather conciliatory. He did not wish to stir up bad feelings in France; he feared lest his own international influence might be endangered by the grave consequences which would inevitably follow any rupture with the "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

Leo XIII. has shown himself also notably conciliatory with England. While his predecessor, Pius IX., never made a secret of his own sympathies for the success of the Nationalist movement in Ireland, Leo endeavored to induce the Irish Bishops, whom he frequently called to Rome, to abstain from a hopeless contest. When these councils were not sufficient, the Pope did not hesitate to publish a decree of excommunication against those belonging to the Irish National Leagues, against authors of boycotts, and against any one who became a member of any secret society. By this policy the Pope hoped to arrive at an end which would redound to the glory of the Church, namely, the establishment of a concordat, providing for the resumption of diplomatic relations with Great Britain. The British Government, however, while not refusing to consider such a proposal, declared that, as a Pontifical Nuncio could not find his position an agreeable one in London, being accredited to a Protestant court, so an English Ambassador could hardly find a post at the Vatican a proper one. This check, nevertheless, made no difference in the unceasing efforts of the Pope to maintain the best possible relations with England, even though he had to stand by his guns when the question of a tentative union between the High Church and Ritualistic party of the Anglican Church with the Roman Communion came up. The great ability manifest in every line of his letter "Ad Anglos" will not be forgotten.

The same conciliatory policy was also shown to the Austro-Hungarian Government. When the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies approved certain laws, among them those providing for purely civil marriages, the Hungarian Bishops began a violent contest with the Government. In principle the Pope sustained them, but when they endeavored to extend their fight, even to the breaking off of diplomatic relations, he checked them, and counseled rather a temporary submission to hostile laws which had received the sanction of the Government. In the end this conciliatory policy brought its own reward.

With Spain, Leo XIII. adopted pre-

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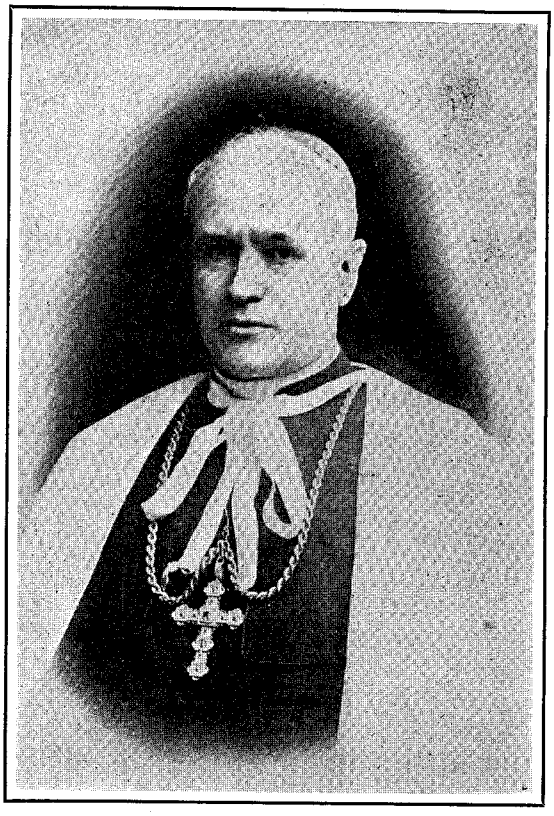
cisely the same course, recommending to the Bishops and to the faithful an entire abstinence from participating in any Carlist or revolutionary movement whatever.

Even with Russia the Pope came to a good understanding. The Polish language and the Roman Catholic clergy in Poland are, of course, symbols of nationality. They were sacrificed to political exigencies. Nevertheless, the Pope did not succeed in inducing the Czar's Peace Conference to receive a Papal representative, nor was he able to induce the Czar to receive an Apostolic Nuncio at St. Petersburg.



JEROME MARIA GOTTI

We must acknowledge, therefore, that Leo XIII's reign has been distinguished by the establishment and maintenance of good and cordial relations with all the Powers, Roman Catholic or not. On the other hand, it has been distinguished by a persistent fight with the Italian Government. The Pope never loses an occasion to repeat the time-worn lamentations on the changed conditions of the Church and of the Vatican in Italy. Even so late as the proclamation of Holy Year, 1900, he alluded to the sad conditions still imposed upon the Vatican by the new régime in Italy. It is true that several times there have been tentative efforts toward conciliation between the Vatican and the Italian Government. Any conciliation was impossible, however, since the Pope persisted in his claims for temporal power. In this, Leo XIII. continued the policy of his predecessor. The Vatican did not abate one bit of its claims for concessions which would have been and which are incompatible with the political programme of Italian Liberals.

Who will be the next Pope, and what will be his policy? Here are two questions which do not lack a certain interest.

At present the Sacred College is composed of fifty-nine Cardinals. The full membership is seventy, hence the vacant posts number eleven. Only three of the Cardinals created by Pius IX. are now in the Sacred College. They are Cardinal Oreglia, the Dean of the Sacred College; Cardinal Parocchi, Sub-Dean and also Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church; and Cardinal Ledochowski, who for a long time filled the office of Prefect of the Propaganda, but was succeeded in 1900 by Cardinal Satolli.

The Cardinals of the Curia are those who reside constantly in Rome and take active part in the work of the various Congregations, or in other Papal undertakings. These Cardinals are divided into three distinct parties. The first, and the party largest in number, desires the election of a Pope who will continue the policy of Leo XIII. The second party is composed of those who would like to see the new Pontifex interested less in the burdens of State and more in those of religion, pure and simple. The third party is composed of those who wish to introduce such reforms into the government of the Church as shall lead the Church and the Papacy back again to the purer sources of inspiration. These three

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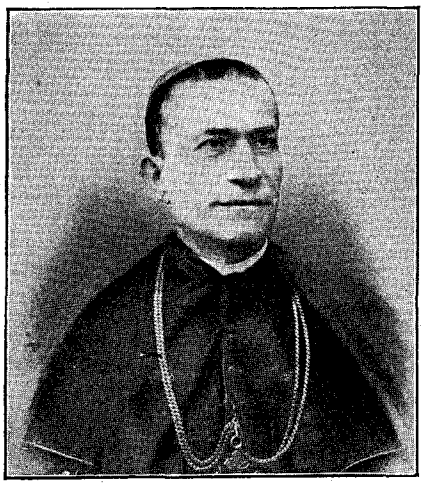
JOSEPH PRISCO



FRANCIS SATOLLI

ANDREA FERRARI

diverse tendencies will seek each one to prevail at the Conclave which will choose Leo XIII.'s successor.

In addition to the Cardinals of the Curia, there are the "foreign" Cardinals to be considered, and the latter are so numerous that they may turn the balance in favor of any one of the three parties which they favor. It is believed, however, that the foreign Cardinals are at one in regard to the propriety of electing an Italian Pope. Perhaps, following the example of the election of Cardinal Pecci (Leo XIII.), they may propose a Cardinal who is not a member of the actual Curia.

Among the prelates outside of the Curia, those who have been spoken of as possible candidates of the Papacy are Cardinal Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo; Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua; Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice; Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples; Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna.

It is believed that the advanced age of Cardinal Celesia may prevent consideration of his name.

Cardinal Capecelatro is of a mild and conciliatory disposition, and hence is not looked upon favorably by either the party of Intransigents or by that of the Idealists. Since his own ideals are not those which to-day prevail in the policy of the Vatican (that is to say, they are better and more independent than those ideals—see Outlook for 10th March, 1900), he may fail in his candidacy.

Cardinals Sarto and Svampa seem to have a greater chance.

Opinions concerning Cardinal Ferrari have somewhat changed since his article was published against the State and the monarchy. The Cardinal certainly represents the militant party with a vengeance.

To return to the Cardinals of the Curia, those who have hitherto been considered more probable candidates for the Papal succession than have any prelates outside of the Curia are Cardinals Oreglia, Parocchi, Vannutelli, Rampolla, Satolli, Gotti, Agliardi, and Di Pietro.

Cardinal Parocchi is much esteemed by the foreign Cardinals, and it is believed that they consider him quite worthy to ascend the throne of St. Peter.

Cardinal Vannutelli comes from the diplomatic service, and is looked upon with a favorable eye by the governing cliques at the Vatican. They judge him to be one who would not disturb the present situation.

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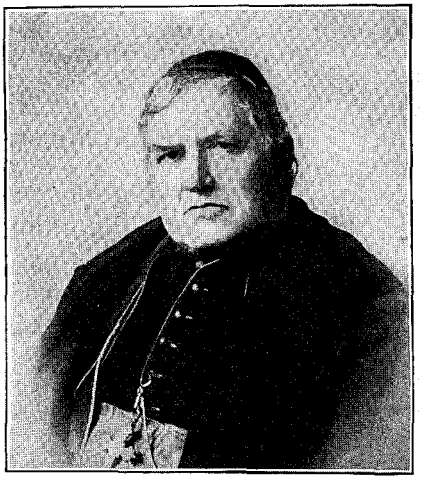
Cardinal Rampolla, the author of the present hostile policy toward Italy, will seek the ascendency of his own ideas and aspirations toward a condition of affairs which will continue indefinitely the present state of things.

Cardinal Satolli recently completed a special mission as Delegate Apostolic to the United States of America with great distinction. He is a disciple of Leo XIII., and was much esteemed by him. Cardinal Satolli would undoubtedly continue the conciliatory policy of his master, who in 1900 raised him to the important dignity of Prefect of the Propaganda Fide.

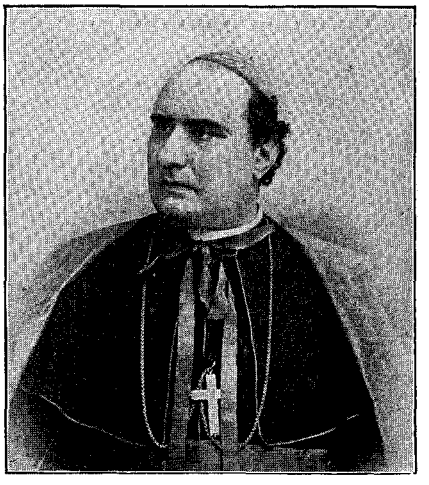
A description of the other and less probable candidates may be omitted in order to focus our attention upon one who is deservedly the subject of much talk, namely, Cardinal Gotti. It has been long and persistently rumored, nor is the rumor contradicted, that Leo XIII. had a preference for this prelate as his successor. Cardinal Gotti has a sympathetic countenance; one recognizes that it is the outward sign of a high spirit, of exalted character, and of a reflective mind. In the Congregation to which he belongs he seeks the ascendency of the right at all times, without ever allowing himself to be swayed by any political passion. These eminent qualities have fastened upon him the attention of those Cardinals who do not find their own candidatures gaining in strength, and, with their united support, Cardinal Gotti may become himself the most serious candidate. He was born at Genoa on the 28th of March, 1834, and he was created a Cardinal at the Consistory of the 29th of November, 1895. He belongs to the Order of the Carmelites. After having been a lecturer in philosophy, he taught mathematics and the natural sciences until 1869. He took part in the Council of the Vatican in the following year in his title of theologian. In 1871 he was nominated Procurator-General of the Carmelite Order, and he fulfilled the duties of this order for a decade. In 1881 he was elected General of the order. He was also made a consulting member of various Congregations. In 1892 the Pope sent him on a mission to Brazil, giving him the nominal title of Archbishop of Petra and of Nuncio at Rio Janeiro. The success of this mission is well known, and at its close he was made Cardinal.

We believe that it will be almost impossible to make prophecies as to the choice of the next Pope. Anyway, if we look back over the history of such elections, we see that the strangest prophecies have been verified. It is

SERAFINO VANNUTELLI



LUCIDA MARIA PARROCHI



DOMENICO SVAMPA

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possible that, in case of a deadlock among the Cardinals, some one may be nominated of whose Papal probabilities no one had thought, as happened in the election of Pius IX.

One thing is certain. Whoever is elected as successor of Leo XIII., the Vatican policy must needs remain practically the same. The next Pope will have to continue the line of conduct of his predecessor, seeking to maintain himself in good relations with all the Powers, Catholic or non-Catholic, with the exception, naturally, of Italy. It is true that in not a few States laws have been introduced which have caused alarm in Vatican circles and have even evoked a policy of resistance. But under Leo XIII. nothing of the sort has happened. Roman Catholic nations, like France and Austria-Hungary, have not felt themselves called upon long to insist upon laws which were in absolute opposition with the spirit and with the tendencies of the Church. Leo XIII. has done much to this end, far more than did his predecessor, who apparently limited himself to protesting with a weak voice and to shaking his head at deeds done in dissonance with his policy. Evidently Leo XIII. did not believe that it was to the interest of the Church and of the Papacy to enter upon an obstinate fight with Catholic countries. The Church, already grievously wounded during the nineteenth century, has through him avoided a combative policy.

In another respect the future Papal policy must follow that of the present Pope, who has worked hard to attract the Oriental Catholic Church to the Roman Catholic, and from this, as a standing-ground, hoped to regain the Anglican Church. While his efforts in these directions have not meet with hoped-for success, the next Pope must seek to reunite these churches in the interests of the Roman Catholic communion; his scope must be the same, namely, to absorb the churches separated from Rome with Rome.

The Roman Catholic Church stands in absolute contradiction with the movements of modern thought, and hence, also, with Protestantism, which has found and which follows an entire union and an entire reconciliation between religion and liberty, between faith and science. The election of a new Pope will have, therefore, for the Protestant Church, importance, but now only a relative importance. Henceforth Protestantism is strong enough to hold its head up against the aggressions of Roman Catholicism in every field of social activity. During the nineteenth century the Roman Church has lost ground, while, on the other hand, Protestantism has been continually developing even in Roman Catholic countries.

LUIGI OREGLIA DI STEFANO

JOSEPH SARTO

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INDIAN LACE-MAKERS

Lace-Making Among the Indians

By Jane W. Guthrie

THE industries of all peoples are interesting from the ethical point of view; but an industry which becomes a great civilizing force should be suggestive not alone to the student of scientific and ethnological conditions, but to women interested in the problems of social advance and industrial development in the home.

It is generally conceded by sociologists that no real National advancement in America is possible so long as the rights of red man and black are neglected; and this thought, felt in its deepest significance by one woman, brought about the lace-making industry among the Indians on the reservations in Minnesota.

So successful has this been that the art is now taught on many other reservations, notably those in Oklahoma, Wyoming, and Dakota, and there is a possibility that it may in time assume large proportions.

The story of its inception is most interesting.

Bishop Whipple, who has labored among the Indians of Minnesota for more than forty years, has always deplored the evils of reservation life and faulty governmental conditions, has preached and taught the demand for some stimulating, elevating work for the women of the tribes, and the necessity for contact in some manner with the great world outside of the limited area allotted.

Miss Sibyl Carter, who was deeply interested in missionary work among the Indians, was impressed by these views and determined to make an effort to ameliorate, if possible, the condition of these helpless women.

While traveling in Japan, she saw the

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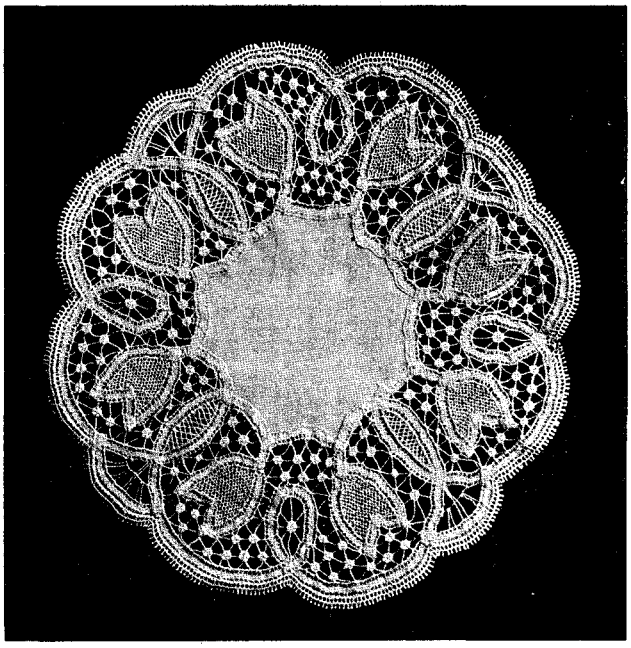

A LACE CENTERPIECE

native women working at lace-making; a noticeable similarity, in some respects, between the Japanese and the North American Indian, and the remembrance of the patient industry with which the Indian woman uses crude materials in her barbaric arts, suggested to Miss Carter the idea of teaching her the work which seemed so suited to the energies and capacities of her Japanese sister.

Miss Carter taught herself to make lace, using, as she says, books as guides and American perseverance as an aid; when she felt proficient in the art, she started to teach others.

Securing permission from Bishop Whipple, she went to White Earth, in the Ojibway Reservation, in 1890, and there began the work which she felt would be successful, once confidence and attention were secured.

By nursing in the hospital, teaching in the mission, and visiting among the families she soon familiarized the women with her ideas and plans.

Inducing a few to come for instruction, the little log cabin in the wilds of Minnesota became the scene of a most interesting experiment, for here Miss Carter taught her first twelve Indian pupils, and some of those who afterward became her assistants, how to make lace, beginning with the simplest forms of pillow or bobbin lace.

No one, probably, but Miss Carter herself knows how much faith, hope, and energy was required in the effort. There are few who could so persistently struggle through the trials of those first months, for regularity in attendance was something unknown; but patience and example soon induced industry.

The wonderful results of two years' work made possible the opening of schools in the mission houses at Red Lake, Wild Rice Lake, and Leech Lake, in northern Minnesota; and, requests coming from the Sioux, or Dakotas, of southern Minnesota, a school was established at Birch Coolíe among those Indians, some of whom had known all the terrible tale of the New Ulm massacre in 1862. Ten short years have worked wonders. It is shown that the women are capable of great and sustained effort, that they have powers of idealization and the gift of inventiveness, producing, in some cases, new stitches and originating designs in both lace and embroidery.

These qualities are readily recognized by those familiar with the basketry, blankets, bead, and porcupine work of the Indian, a study of which shows the presence of deep artistic feeling and the use of what is just at hand in the suggestions of nature. The women come now and beg for work and teachers; they realize the elevating influence of daily toil and the dignity of labor for self-support—one of the fundamental necessities of the social structure.

The work is remunerative. Ten cents an hour is paid for steady labor; the general average is a dollar a day, but a very skillful and rapid needlewoman makes sometimes as much as twelve or fifteen dollars a week in summer-time.

Comfort thus becomes a possibility in some of those teepees and log cabins; cleanliness is a necessity, for not only must the work be kept absolutely spotless

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to insure sale, but the surroundings of the needlewoman must be such as to make this possible.

The beautiful bedspreads made at Birch Coolíe are of pillow or bobbin lace. These have been bought by Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, and other wealthy women interested in the work. They sell for two hundred and fifty dollars and upward. There, too, have been made the insertions for tea-cloths and bedspreads, the beautiful empire lamp-shade with Indian figures in canoes in design—all of which have been sent to the World's Fair at Paris.

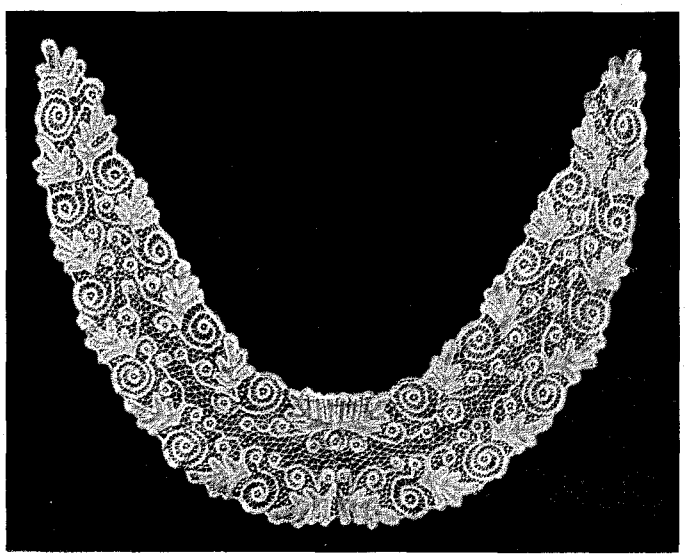
The Dakota Indians are prairie Indians, while the Ojibway Indians are forest Indians. The Dakotas have been associated with civilized life for a longer period than the forest Indians, and it would seem that the arts of civilization might more readily appeal to them; but this is not demonstrated in the lace-work. The women of each tribe take up the art with a strenuous desire to help themselves and their people which is almost pathetic. There is so much of interest at the Birch Coolíe Mission besides the lace-work.

The pretty little church of St. Cornelia is built upon the site of the massacre of 1862, on land earned by the daily toil of Good Thunder, the patriarch and counselor of the tribe, and donated by him for this purpose. It is named for the first wife of Bishop Whipple, and the money for the memorial window bearing her name was earned by the sale of frogs' legs in the St. Paul market.

The lace made on the Ojibway Reservation is essentially different from that made at Birch Coolíe, and both are unlike the work done in Oklahoma, where the women make the exquisite old-fashioned cut-work. This is put together to form bedspreads and other articles with insertions made at Birch Coolíe, the designs for which are taken from rare old Italian, Venetian, and Flemish laces in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The needle point and English point are made on the Ojibway Reservation at White Earth, Wild Rice River, Red Lake, and Leech Lake. They are known as Honiton, Princess, and Battenberg. The lace made of the fine braids and threads is Honiton and Princess, the heavy braids and coarse threads are Battenberg; the various designs being known as Russian and Belgian. The price obtained for this lace is the guarantee of its excellence. It is not alone the fact that there is a sort of romantic interest attached to laces made by Indian women in rude wigwams which insures sale, but the exquisite quality would command a price anywhere.

The narrowest laces made cost fifty cents a yard; lace six inches wide is anywhere from twelve to twenty dollars a yard; doilies are a dollar and a dollar and a half; handkerchiefs from three dollars up; centerpieces for the table, ten to twenty dollars and up.



A LACE COLLAR

Some of the most beautiful laces are those made for ecclesiastical purposes, for though the Christian Indian has a simple faith and knows the great truths of Christianity untouched by twentieth century subtleties, he has a vein of mysticism in him, a deep love of symbolism which demands the outward form of an inner faith.

This work, then, carries a spiritual as well as an artistic suggestion, and, appealing to the

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power of idealization as the awakening consciousness of the race, makes such lace beautifully perfect in handiwork. The lace is disposed of entirely through Miss Carter's personal efforts to patrons who have ordered it, or her committees sell it under the auspices of churches in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and the smaller cities.

In a box of finished work sent out one can find the tiniest edges for daintiest baby-clothes, wide laces costing eight and ten dollars a yard for decorative purposes, and that to put upon "my lady's" apparel, filmy and fine as a cobweb.

There, too, are boleros, lace jackets, berthas, fichus, vest-fronts, table and tea cloths—all the lovely, exquisitely fine and beautiful things into which common linen thread can be fashioned by hands of skillful needlewomen.

The lace now pays for itself, but the money for fuel in the schools, the salaries of teachers, etc., is all raised by Miss Carter.

When one realizes that last autumn Miss Carter sent a box of lace, made on the Chippewa Reservation in Minnesota, to Honolulu, and sold it there, the significance of the charity may be better understood.

After the pupil has thoroughly mastered pillow or bobbin lace, she is taught point lace; and when she becomes proficient, or has a family to care for, she is allowed to take the work home. Some of the skillful workers live many miles away from the Sa-sha-ba-se-que, or lace-making woman. Through the forest, over frozen lakes in winter, the lace-maker trudges to the Rhor-do-ke-gan, or workroom, carrying her precious bundle of finished work next her heart, with fond anticipations of well-earned money. One of the most interesting of the northern schools is at Leech Lake, where Miss Pauline Colby is stationed. She is one of Miss Carter's most efficient aids. During the insurrection in October, 1898, she was urged to leave, but stayed bravely at her post through all the trouble, and tells with pride that no mission Indian took part in the insurrection.

One must go into United States history to get at the causes which induced the outbreak; but while all the Chippewa Indians felt the injustice of their treatment, the Pillager tribe were instrumental in fomenting strife. These Indians are real savages yet, being exceedingly suspicious and conservative. They are called "blanket Indians" because they refuse to give up their savage dress or conform in any degree to the habits of civilized life. They succeeded in ambushing General Bacon's troops on Bear's Island, in Leech Lake, where Major Wilkinson and some of his men were killed. It was altogether a most deplorable affair. Here, too, is the tract which is desired for a forest reserve, insuring, should the Government grant the petition, a perpetual home for the red man, where he will be untroubled by the grasping demands of the lumber speculator.

Many of the young men and women on this reservation have been educated either at the reservation or Government schools, but it is not the young woman alone who excels in lace-making. Many an old squaw, bent with age and the cares of wild life, to whom existence is a struggle, can show the most deft and dainty handiwork. She who has learned and practiced the arts of basketry, bead-work, porcupine-quill dyeing, and weaving can produce lace equal to that made by the most skilled Flemish worker.

Miss Carter says: "Have we gravely considered the necessity of work for daily wages for these poor people? On one occasion an Ojibway woman walked eighteen miles to White Earth to beg for a lace teacher, saying: 'There are many widows where I live, many little children. We no work, we have no bread, nobody buy bead-work any more. Give us your white work, so all white sisters buy, pay us money, then we take care all little children, buy bread, buy clean clothes.' I asked her where her husband was. She said: 'He cut wood, tree fall on him, kill him. You give work, I take care children.' I did give her the work she craved, and she made good her offer to care for her children. I know it is good to give garments to the needy, and that it is well to educate young Indians; but one foundation-stone of society is daily work. It brings daily bread, and I often feel it should precede education."

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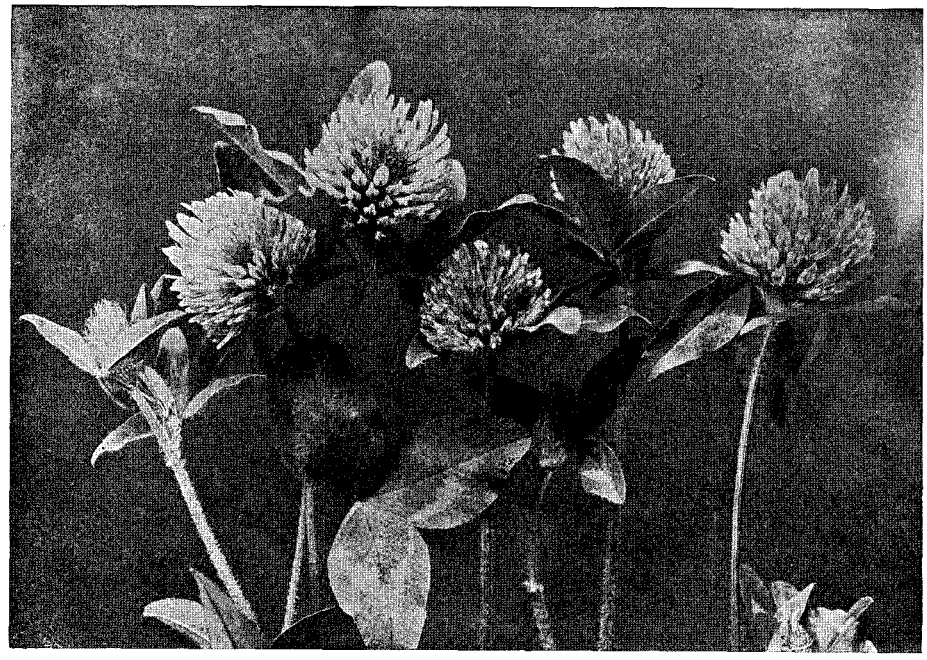

To My Lady Clover

By Emma Lenore MacAlarney

Out in the meadow, 'mid daisies and grasses,
Wet with cool dewdrops and warmed by the sun,
Nodding so blithely to each one that passes,
Clovers are blossoming one by one.

Neighbor so friendly of birds in the thickets,
Chatting with linnet and shy meadow-lark,
Gossiping even to gay little crickets,
Breathing out perfume by day or by dark.

Hostess of bees, who have supped at thy table,
Reeling home, drunken with liquor divine,
Rarer by far than the nectar of fable,
Spicier, sweeter than Orient wine.

No flaunting rose, howe'er gaudy her gala dress,
Crimson, or perfect in pink or in white,
Shall e'er supplant thee, or cause me to love thee less,
Sturdy wee blossom, so fair to my sight.

Photograph by J. Horace McFarland.

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Theological Changes of View in England

By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

Dean of Canterbury, England.

THERE can be no question that great changes have come over the views of thinking men in England with regard to theological questions during this century. There is nothing to regret in the fact that advancing knowledge alters the complexion and shifts the perspective of long-current beliefs. It is inevitable that it should be so; for we know that

> through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

Nor is it only inevitable, it is also most desirable, that the general advance in knowledge and in insight should shed fresh light, not, indeed, on the eternal and essential elements of religion, which have remained the same in all ages, but on the point of view under which we regard and the manner in which we formulate and explain the statements of theology. The light of all real knowledge is light from Heaven, and it cannot lead any faithful soul astray. Nothing can be more fatal, even to moral growth and spiritual progress, than a stereotyped immobility—that blind and narrow stagnation in the infallibility of opinionated ignorance, which delivers brawling judgments all day long on all things, unashamed, and which has always been as characteristic of imperfect and narrow religionists as it was of the "priests and Pharisees and hypocrites" in the days of our Lord. The example of those days, even if they stood alone, would be sufficient to show us that men, in the *name* of religion—and even while they claim to be the sole faithful supporters of true religion—are capable of committing, in the *name* of the religion which they profess, the deadliest of crimes. If any other instances were wanting, we may see them in the deadly guilt of Inquisitors, who, in the name of the Lord of Love, blackened the blue of heaven with the Tophet-smoke of their bale-fires of hell, by burning many a dear saint of God who held the truth which, to their own perdition, *they* rejected, and who lived lives transcendently holier and purer than their own. In a milder form we may see the same pernicious results of incompetent religious arrogance in the fact that some of the best, wisest, most earnest and most brilliantly gifted divines of our own day—men such as Professor Maurice, and Charles Kingsley, and F. W. Robertson, and Dean Stanley, and others—were all through their lives the favorite victims of the venomous attacks with which the so-called "religious" press of party church newspapers is rife. Like Wesley and Whitefield, like Luther and Melancthon, like Savonarola and many more, these men—owing to the refusal of "priests" to accept the new truths—which shake their usurped authority, and expose the ignorant baselessness of their "infallible" judgments—have stood up, "The very butt of slander, and the blot of every dart that malice ever shot." An unprogressive religion is a decadent and dying religion; a religion which refuses new light is a dead religion. Such forms of belief will inevitably sink into abject and priest-ridden superstitions, or into the cumbersome paraphernalia of externalism, which thinks that God cares for the murmuring of rites and ceremonies, whereas he has again and again taught us that he requires our hearts, and that without heart-sincerity all else is but as the small dust of the balance.

Let me point out one or two respects in which the thoughts of men respecting the truths of religion have been enlarged and changed.

1. It is so as regards our conceptions of God.

One of the most competent of living men of science—Mr. Alfred Wallace—in his very interesting book "The Wonderful Century," estimates that this century has made greater advances in science, both theoretical and applied, than all the centuries of the past put together. Now, science has revealed to us immeasurably more of the laws of nature and of the

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infinitude of the universe than was ever remotely dreamed of in past ages. The nature of the relation of God to man cannot be quite the same as it was when men regarded the earth as the center of the whole universe, and thought that the sun and the moon and the starry heavens existed only to give it light. A Greek philosopher defined the stars as "golden nails fixed in a crystalline sky." We now know something of the immeasurable, inconceivable vastness of God's universe, and we know that the earth is but as a speck in the intense inane, a mote of dust in the streaming of infinite light. We can no longer rest in schemes and systems which professed to speak of God "as though he were a man in the next room;" or which proceeded on the conviction that "man's nothing-perfect" could comprehend "God's all-complete." We have learnt more modesty and humility, more awful reverence for Him "whose ways are past finding out." We are no longer content to employ our days in the elaboration of "schemes" and "systems" and "philosophies" of the plan of salvation, and in thus dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing out. We are content with holier modesty; to lay our hands upon our lips and to say:

> So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

Changed modes of expression, changed points of view, which—though they do not affect any radical and essential view of religion—seem to require changed methods of expression, may partly account for the deep and growing dislike to the use of the so-called "Athanasian" Creed in our public services. The Church of England is the only Church in all Christendom which recites this creed in common worship. The American Church has wisely discarded the practice, so also has the Irish Church. The dislike to it does not in the least spring from any lack of orthodoxy respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, but from the scholastic form of the creed, with its repetition of technical words—like "incomprehensible," "substance," "person"—of which not one person in a hundred knows the true and technical meaning. It also rises from the damnatory clauses, which no honest or enlightened man can repeat without the *subauditur* of large exceptions and explanations, and which the multitude usually understand in a false sense, and in that sense rightly repudiate as unscriptural and false. The narrow and anathematizing pseudo-orthodoxy which vehemently insists on the retention of this creed in public worship is extremely harmful to the Church of England, and alienates multitudes from her worship. Late, very ill constructed, harsh, and superfluously verbose, the creed is not in the slightest degree necessary, since the whole Catholic faith is amply and far better stated in the "Nicene" and the "Apostles'" Creeds. It was once my curious fortune to stand in church facing a seat on which were seven or eight men of universal fame in art, in literature, in science, in public life. The expression of weariness and dislike upon the face of every one of them while the creed was being repeated was a lesson to me; for each one of them was not in any sense a skeptic, but a Christian and a communicant. All of them felt how utterly unlike was the form assumed by this creed to the general teaching and method of Holy Scripture. Not one of them doubted, so far as I knew, the doctrine of the Trinity; but they all felt that the harsh, formal, and technical dogmatism of the creed added nothing to true faith; while—since so few are capable of grasping its real significance—it tends to minister directly to popular error. It is, however, doubtful whether at this moment there is enough of progressive open-mindedness in the English Church to follow, in this particular, the wiser example of all the other Churches of Christendom in not demanding the constant public recital of this late and technical creed.

2. Another subject on which there have been great changes of view is the Atonement. I believe that not only in the upper classes, but in all classes, men believe as firmly as ever they did in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, by whose blood—that is, by whose essential *life* divinely imparted to us—we are cleansed and saved. But they do not believe—and they rightly do not believe—in the hideous travesties of the doctrine which have been intruded upon mankind by an ignorant and systematizing theology,

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based on the distortion and the misinterpretation of isolated metaphors, or the extravagant forcing of emotional language to impossible logical conclusions. They repudiate, and rightly repudiate, the blasphemy of representing God the Father as all-wrathful and inexorable justice, and God the Son as all-loving mercy. They accept no violent disintegration of the persons of the blessed Trinity in the work of man's salvation. They toss aside the age-long absurdity which represented God as paying to the Devil (!) the ransom of Christ's death. They no less reject the forensic theory by which St. Anselm replaced the old error—a theory which dwelt on the "exact equivalent" of "vicarious substitutions," and which foisted into Scripture a mass of colossal or self-contradictory inferences, elaborated into a "philosophy of the plan of salvation," which relied exclusively on passing illustrations, and resembled a pyramid built upon its apex. Men have become impatient—and rightly impatient—of "the ever-widening spiral *ergo* drawn from the narrow aperture of single texts." They are more than content to know and be sure that "God is Love," and that "God *in Christ*"—not, as it is erroneously translated in our Authorized Version, "God *for Christ's sake*"—forgives us our sins, when, by the aid of his Holy Spirit, they are repented of. The clearing away from the doctrine of the Atonement of the gross anthropomorphism introduced into it by the language of self-satisfied theologians, ignorant preachers, and impassioned hymns, so far from tending to unbelief, has left men more humbly and deeply convinced that God, by his infinite love and mercy, has granted us pardon in Christ, a newness of life, even though we cannot understand his mysteries and cannot measure the arm of God by the finger of man.

3. Again, there has been a decided change in the thoughts of Christians about Eschatology. They now see that nothing in Scripture necessitates the crude and glaring horrors, the ghastly and revolting misrepresentations of one or two Scripture metaphors, which have been consolidated into the doctrine of "Hell-fire." I have in my possession a revolting little picture which used to be given by Romish priests to children and women, representing a human being standing naked in red flames, of which the black smoke is smeared with hideous blood-gouts, while loathly serpents are twining round and round him, burying their fangs in his convulsive face, and their forked tails into the flesh of his arms; while underneath is written in old French, "*Pour n'y avoir pont pancé.*" Strange that Christians could really believe—on the strength of a grossly misrepresented metaphor which there is no more excuse for taking literally than there would be for taking literally the metaphor of "Abraham's bosom"—that a God of Love could be happy while the creatures of his hands were writhing hopelessly and forever in unutterable material torments! Yet that they could maintain such conceptions is sufficiently proved by Dante's "Inferno," as much as by endless hymns and religious manuals. There has been a decided and a blessed change of view as to these cruel imaginings. When my "Eternal Hope" was published, I lived for weeks and months amid a hail-storm of anathemas. Now the majority of thinking and educated Christians hold the view which I there maintained—that sin indeed is always punishment, but that there is no proof that repentance and pardon will not be always possible, and that we may trust in the mercy of God "for ever and ever"—or, as it is, literally, in the original, "for ever and beyond." We have learned—or, at any rate, all thinking and educated men have learned—that "everlasting" (ἀΐδιος), which occurs but twice in the New Testament, is not a synonym of "eternal" (αἰώνιος), but the direct antithesis of it; the former being the unrealizable conception of endless time, and the latter referring to a state from which our imperfect human conception of time is absolutely excluded.

4. Once more, there has been a radical and most imperatively called for change in the old superstition of what is called "verbal inspiration." We know that God speaks to us out of his holy book; we know that it contains his revelation of himself; we know that it is, as a whole, the most supreme of collected literatures; we know that all the rest of the literatures of the world put together could not supply its place; but we know also that it is a plain, positive duty to consider it in the Heaven-sent light of advancing knowledge;

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we know that *all* its incidental utterances are not final or infallible; we know that some of its books are composite in structure, and that some were written in times much later than the authors whose names they bear; we know that the Old Testament—as in the books of Daniel and Jonah, and in the sublime story of the Fall—admits (as our Lord's parables also consecrated) the use of Haggadah, or "moral allegory;" we know that the divine enlightenment, which we call "inspiration," did not exclude the human element in the imperfect medium by which it was communicated, and that in unimportant and minor matters it left the possibility of error; we know, above all, that Scripture is the true sense of scripture, as St. Augustine says; that Scripture is, and only is, what scripture means; that it must be interpreted as a whole; and that the totality of its teaching must not be perverted by insistence on the interpretation which we, for party and for other purposes, may choose to distort out of its isolated and incidental phrases. Our reverence for Holy Scripture has not been diminished, but has been indefinitely increased, by the study and the criticism and the progressive enlightenment which have led us to a truer estimate of its place and meaning in the dealings of God with men.

On the whole, then, I am hopeful as to the stability of our Christian convictions in the minds of men of all classes. The leaders of intellectual research may not be "orthodox" in the old, narrow, arrogant, stereotyped sense of the word, which imposed a yoke of bondage on the free necks of Christians, who are all God's priests; but they believe in God, the Father, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; and in that Holy Spirit which he made to dwell in us, and who yearneth jealously and tenderly over all whom God hath redeemed.

The Hour of Awe

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Not in the five-domed wonder
Where the soul of Venice lies,
When the sun cleaves the gloom asunder
With pathways to paradise,
And the organ's melodious thunder
Summons you to the skies;

Not in that rarest hour
When, over the Arno's rush,
The City of Flowers' flower
Looms in the sunset flush,
And the poignant stroke from the tower
Pierces the spirit's hush;

Not Rome's high vault's devising
That builded the heavens in,
When you know not the anthem's rising
From the song of the cherubin,
Where, sight and soul surprising,
Dusk utters your dearest sin;

Not these—nor the star-sown splendor,
Nor the deep wood's mystery,
Nor the sullen storm's surrender
To the ranks of the leaping sea,
Nor the joy of the springtime tender
On Nature's breast to be;

But to find in a woman's weeping
The look you have longed to find,
And know that in time's safe-keeping,
Through all the ages blind,
Was Love, like a winged seed, sleeping
For you and the waiting wind.

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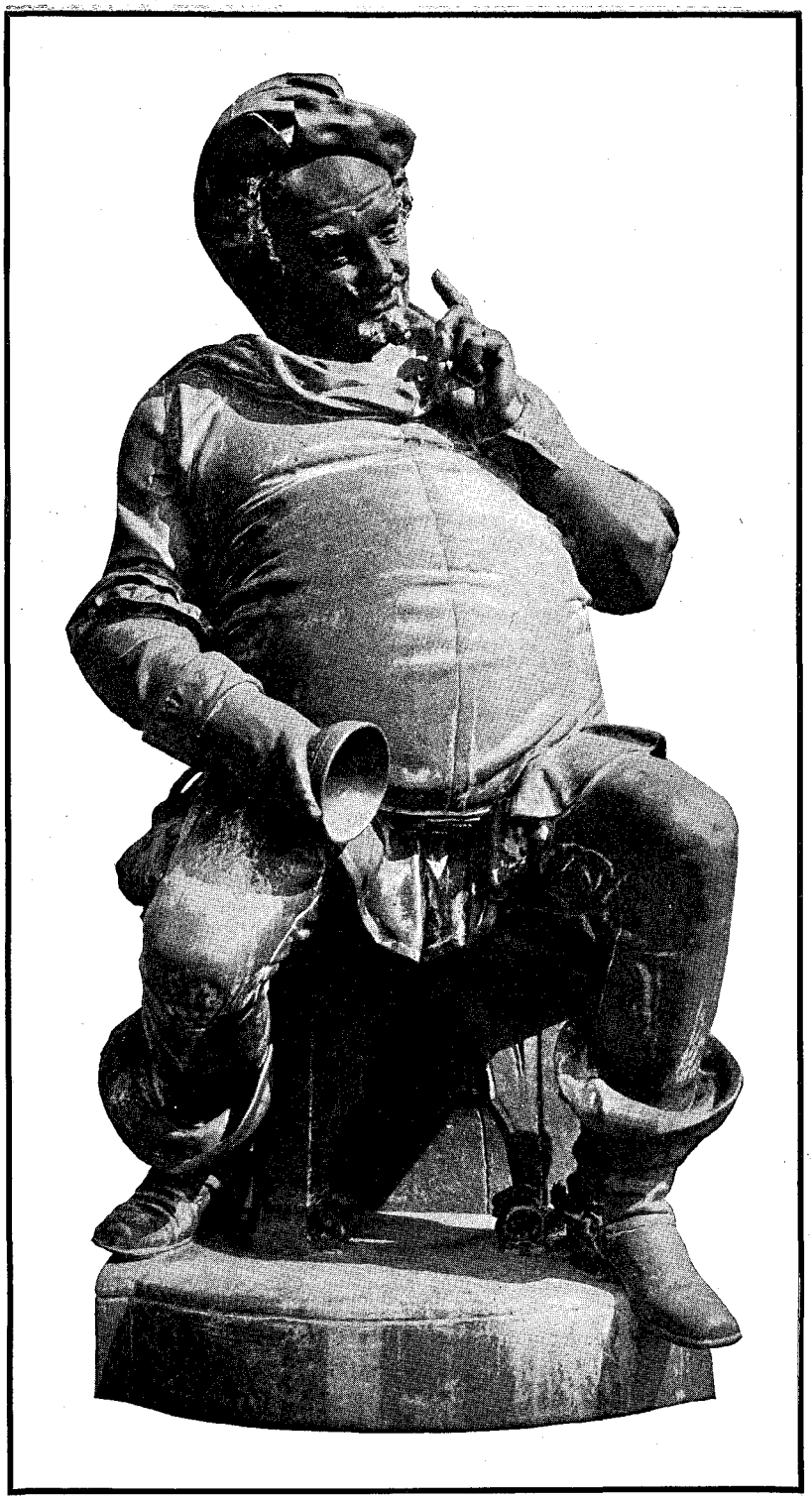

FALSTAFF

From the Gower Monument at Stratford.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Part X.—Histories and Comedies

The Historical Plays

THE period of Shakespeare's apprenticeship ended about 1596; the succeeding four or five years show him in full possession of his art and his material, though the deeper phases of experience were still before him and the full maturity of his genius was to be coincident with the searching of his spirit in the period of the Tragedies. The last half-decade of the sixteenth century were golden years in the life of the rising dramatist. He had made his place in the world; he had learned his craft; he had come to clear self-consciousness; the intoxication of the possession of the poetic imagination and the gift of poetic expression was upon him; he had immense zest in life, and life was at full-tide in his veins and in the world about him. The Queen was at the height of her splendid career; the country had grown into clear perception of its vital force and the possible greatness of its fortunes; English energy and courage were preparing the new soil of the new world for the seeds of a greater England at the ends of the earth; London was full of brilliant and powerful personalities, touched with the vital impulse of the age, and alive in emotion, imagination, and will. It was a time of great works of art and of action; in the two worlds of thought and of affairs the tide of creative energy was at the flood.

The genius of Spenser bore its ripest fruit in "Colin Clout," the "Epithalamium," and the concluding books of the "Faerie Queene." Sidney's noble "Apologie for Poesie," which was in the key not only of the occupations and resources of his mind but of his life, appeared in 1595, and a group of Bacon's earlier essays in 1597. Chapman's "Homer" and Fairfax's "Tasso" enriched the English language with two masterpieces of translation. Hooker and Hakluyt were writing and publishing. Among the playwrights are to be found the great names of Dekker, Jonson, Middleton, Heywood, Marston, and Chapman. The men who had possession of the stage when the poet came up from Stratford—Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Kyd, and Lyly—had been succeeded by Shakespeare's generation. That he should have detached himself from this great group and made a distinct impression on his contemporaries is not the least among the many evidences of his extraordinary power. English literature was in one of its noblest periods, and Shakespeare shared an impulse which, like a great tide, carried men of every kind of power to the furthest limits of their possible achievement.

At no period of his life was Shakespeare more keenly observant, more intellectually alert, more inventive, more joyous in spirit, more spontaneous and poetic. He had solved the problem of his relation to his time by discovering his gift, acquiring his tools, and discerning his opportunity; he

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had ease of mind and openness of imagination. He gave himself up to the joy of life, and lived in its full tide with immense delight. He was not only in the world but of it. Even in this eager and golden period so meditative a mind could not escape those previsions of tragedy and fate which are never far off; and sorrow did not pass by the household at Stratford, for in August, 1596, according to the parish record, Hamnet, Shakespeare's only son, was buried. In this year "King John" was written, and it has been surmised that in the pathetic and beautiful character of Arthur, which is essentially unhistoric, the poet was portraying his own son, and in the touching lament of Constance giving voice to his own sorrow. This loss, which must have been poignant, was apparently the only shadow on these prosperous years when the poet was in his earliest prime.

History and comedy absorbed the imagination and divided the creative energy of Shakespeare from 1596 to 1600. Of the ten plays founded on English history, "King John" serves as a prelude, with "Richard II.," the two parts of "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," the three parts of "Henry VI.," and "Richard III.," as a chronicle play on a great scale; while "Henry VIII." may be taken as an epilogue. The plays were not, however, written in historical sequence, nor did Shakespeare have any intention at the start of making a connected treatment of a stirring and dramatic period in English history. He found the old plays dealing with Henry VI. ready to his hand, as has been noted, and used them as material, touching "Henry VI." very lightly and probably only in the way of adaptation and revision, and the interpolation of a few characteristic scenes and passages. "Richard III." came a little later in time, and is so evidently modeled after Marlowe that its Shakespearean authorship has been questioned by very competent critics. It is full of echoes and reminiscences of Marlowe's manner; it is tempestuous, turbulent, and violent; it is history dramatized rather than a true historical drama; but the figure of Richard, which dominates the play and charges it with vitality, is as clearly realized and as superbly drawn as any character in the whole range of the plays. The lack of artistic coherence in the play is due to the inharmonious elements in it—the attempt to combine the method of Marlowe and the spirit of Shakespeare. The framework of the play was conventional even in Shakespeare's time; the manner is so lyrical that it is a tragic poem rather than a dramatic tragedy; nevertheless, Richard is drawn with a hand so firm, a realism so modern, that a play of very inferior construction becomes immensely effective for stage purposes, and has been almost continuously popular from its first representation. Shakespeare followed Holinshed and Marlowe in writing "Richard III.;" but he put into the play that element of ethical purpose which stamps all his work and separates it in fundamental conception from the work of Marlowe.

The parallelisms between "Richard II." and Marlowe's "Edward II." are so obvious that it is impossible to escape the inference that Shakespeare was still under the spell of the tremendous personality of the author of "Tamburlaine;" but there are signs of liberation. There is a change of subject from the fortunes of the House of York to those of the House of Lancaster; blank verse, to which Marlowe rigidly adhered, gives place to frequent use of rhyme; and the atmosphere in which the action takes place is softened and clarified. The weak king's eloquence often betrays Shakespeare's inimitable touch, and the superb eulogy on England spoken by John of Gaunt is a perfect example of Shakespeare's use of the grand manner. Still following Holinshed, and under the influence of Marlowe, the dramatist was swiftly working out his artistic emancipation.

To this period belongs "King John," which was probably completed about 1595, and which was a recast of the older play of "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England," published in 1591. The conventional construction was not greatly modified by Shakespeare, but the play marks the transition from the chronicle play to the true drama; in which incidents and characters are selected for their dramatic significance, a dramatic motive introduced, dramatic movement traced, and a climax reached. The older playwrights, dealing with the events of a whole reign, would have given the play an epical or narrative quality; Shakespeare

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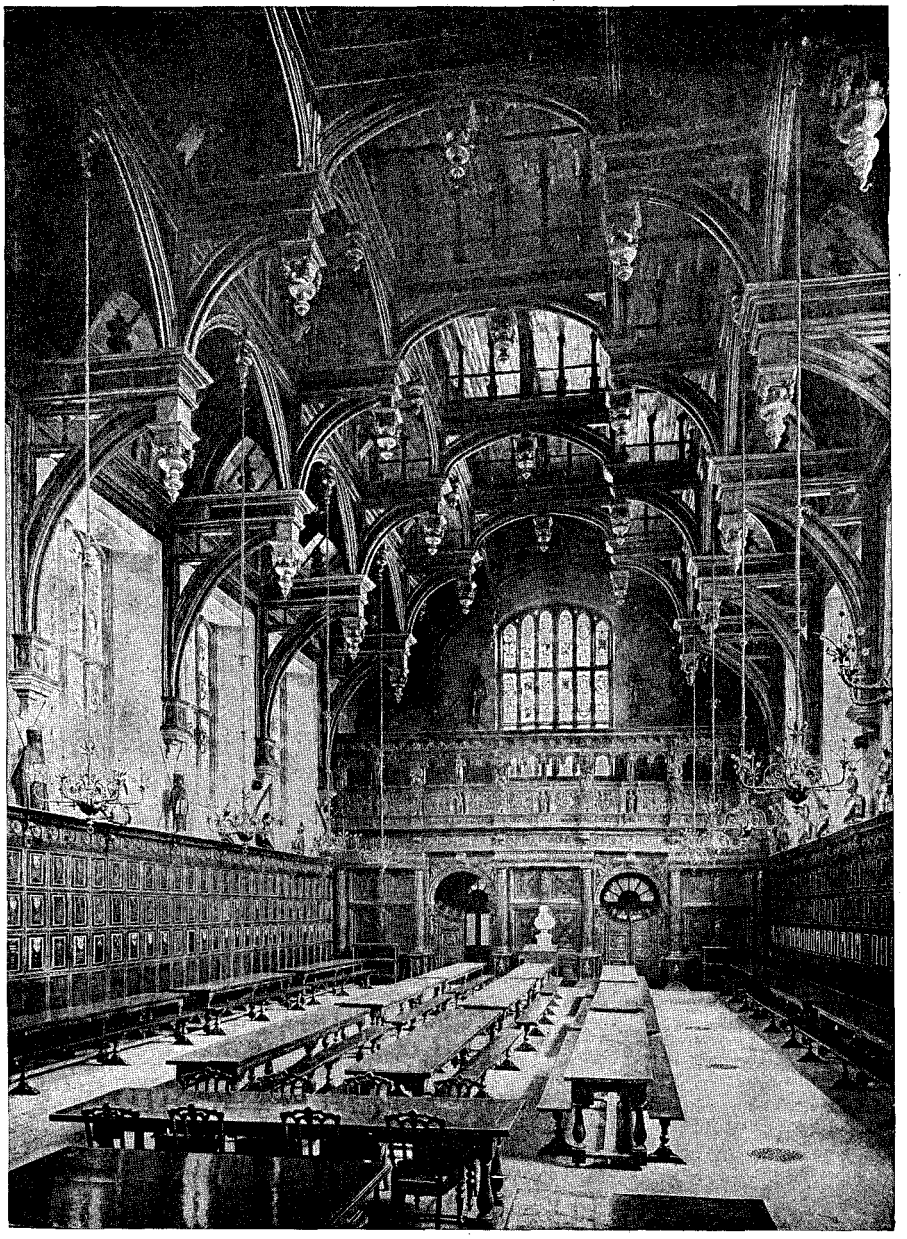

THE HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE

Where "Twelfth Night" was first played.

selected, compressed, foreshortened, and grouped events and figures in such a way as to secure connected action, the development of character, and a final catastrophe which is impressive, if not intrinsically dramatic. He instinctively omitted certain coarse scenes which were in the older play; he brought into clear light and consistency certain characters which were roughly sketched in the earlier work; in the scene between Hubert and Arthur he struck a new note of tenderness and pathos; while in giving marked prominence to the humor of Faulconbridge he

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JOHN FLETCHER

From a picture in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon.

opened the way for that blending of comedy with tragedy and history which is one of the marks, not only of his maturity, but of his greatness. The play has no hero, and is not free from the faults of the long line of dramas from which it descended and to which it belongs, but Shakespeare's creative energy is distinctly at work in it.

The growth of the poet's mind and art was rapid, and, in its large lines, is readily followed; but it was a vital, not a logical, development, and it was not, therefore, entirely orderly and harmonious. In his later work he sometimes returned to his earlier manner; at his maturity he more than once took up existing material, and was content to retouch without reconstructing it. The plays vary greatly in quality and insight; it would not be easy to find in the work of any other poet of the first rank more marked inequalities. Many of the sonnets touch the very limits of perfection; others are halting, artificial, full of the conceits and forced imagery of the day. The early historical plays are often panoramic rather than dramatic; "Henry IV.," on the other hand, is sustained throughout its wide range of interest and action by the full force of Shakespeare's genius. This inequality in the plays, the irregularities of growth which often present themselves, and the occasional reversions to the conventional construction which Shakespeare inherited from his predecessors or to his own earlier manner, humanize the poet, bring his work well within the range of the literary evolution of his time, and, while leaving the miracle of his genius unexplained, make his career and his achievement intelligible and explicable.

The brilliant years between 1596 and 1600 or 1601 were divided between history and comedy; between the splendid show and pageant of society as illustrated in the story of the English kings, and the variety, the humor, the inconsistency of men, as these qualities are brought out in social life. The "Taming of the Shrew," and the "Merchant of Venice," in which the genius of the dramatist shines in full splendor, probably antedated by a few months the writing of the two parts of "Henry IV." and of "Henry V.," but

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FRANCIS BEAUMONT

From a picture in the possession of Colonel Harcourt.

these plays are so nearly contemporaneous that their exact order of production is unimportant. The historical plays may be grouped together for convenience, keeping in mind the fact that the dramatist was apparently finding relief from dealing with great matters of state and great historical personages by turning from time to time to comedy, and perhaps by writing comedy simultaneously with history.

The first part of "Henry IV." was written not later than 1597; the second part followed it after an interval of not more than two years. The sources of the play are to be found in Holinshed and an earlier chronicle play of little merit but marked popularity, "The Famous Victories of Henry V." The play follows history with deviations, the most important being the bold stroke of making the Prince and Hotspur of the same age; in the earlier drama the hints of the rich humor, the inimitable comic action of Shakespeare's work, are also found. But that which came into the hands of the dramatist as crude ore left it pure gold, stamped with ineffaceable images. In the use of this raw material, Shakespeare came to his own and made it his own by virtue of searching insight into its ethical significance and complete mastery of its artistic resources. Other plays show the poet in higher moods, but none discloses so completely the full range of his power; construction, characterization, pathos, humor, wit, dramatic energy, and the magical Shakespearean touch are found in "Henry IV." in free and harmonious unity of dramatic form. In no other play is there greater ease in dealing with apparently discordant elements; nor is there elsewhere a firmer grasp of circumstances, events, and persons in dramatic sequence and action. The play has a noble breadth of interest and action, a freedom of movement and vitality of characterization, which give it the first place among the historical dramas.

The humor of Falstaff and the greed and vulgarity of his ragged, disreputable but immortal followers reinforce the dignity of the play, which is sustained throughout at a great height. Nothing which is human escapes the clear, piercing, kindly gaze of this young master of

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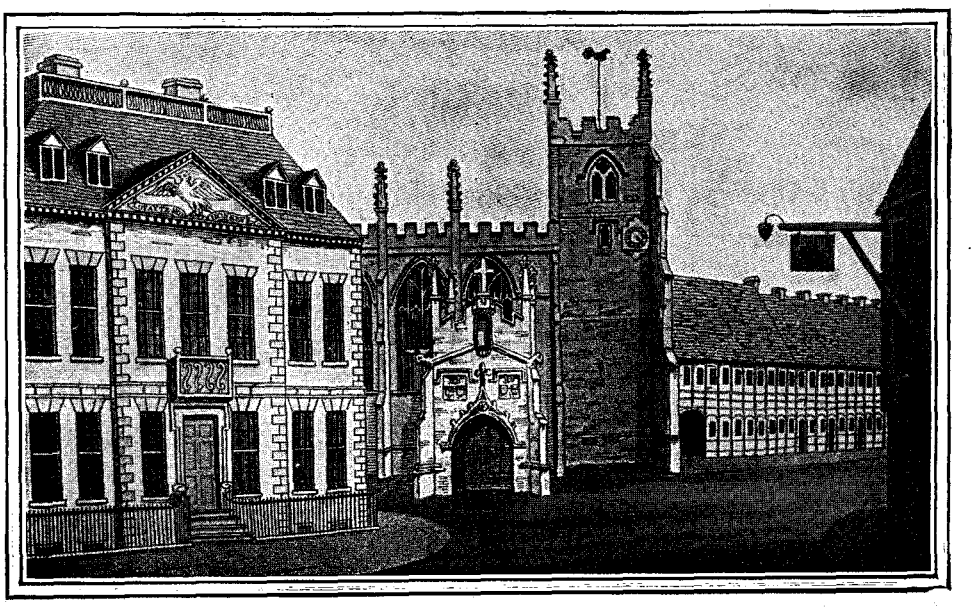
character and destiny; he sees so broadly and deeply that nothing repels him which has any touch of reality or soundness in it. In his hands, and pre-eminently in this play, the drama broadens to compass the full range of humor and character and experience; and the tragic and humorous are blended, as in life, without incongruity or violation of the essential unities of human action and knowledge. Henry IV. and Hotspur are not blurred in outline, nor is the significance of their struggle obscured by the roisterers and thieves who are at the heels of Falstaff. The heroic note of the old ideals of chivalry is sounded as distinctly as if the broad, rollicking humor of Falstaff had no existence. Falstaff is one of the most marvelous of Shakespeare's creations; a gross braggart, without conscience, and as simply and naturally unmoral as if there were no morals, Shakespeare has drawn him with such matchless vitality that, although the stage is crowded with great figures, he holds it as if it were his own. Sir John Oldcastle, whose character undoubtedly gave Shakespeare a rough sketch of Falstaff, and whose name was originally used by Shakespeare, appears in the earlier play which the poet had before him; in deference to the objections of the descendants of Sir John, the name was changed in the printed play, and became Falstaff, but there is reason to believe that the earlier name was retained in the acting play. There was ground for the objection to its use, for Sir John Oldcastle was a Lollard and a martyr.

Shakespeare created a kind of English Bacchus at a time when every kind of fruit or grain that could be made into a beverage was drunk in vast quantities; and sack, which was Falstaff's native element, was both strong and sweet. Falstaff is saved by his humor and his genius; he lies, steals, boasts, and takes to his legs in time of peril with such superb consistency and in such unfailing good spirits that we are captivated by his vitality. It would be as absurd to apply ethical standards to him as to Silenus or Bacchus; he is a creature of the elemental forces; a personification of the vitality which is in bread and wine; a satyr become human, but moving buoyantly and joyfully in an unmoral world. And yet the touch of the ethical law is on him; he is not a corrupter by intention, and he is without malice; but as old age brings its searching revelation of essential characteristics, his humor broadens into coarseness, his buoyant animalism degenerates into lust; and he is saved from contempt at the end by one of those exquisite touches with which, when it is at its worst, the great-hearted poet loves to soften and humanize degeneration.



NEW PLACE AND GUILD CHAPEL
An old and doubtful print.

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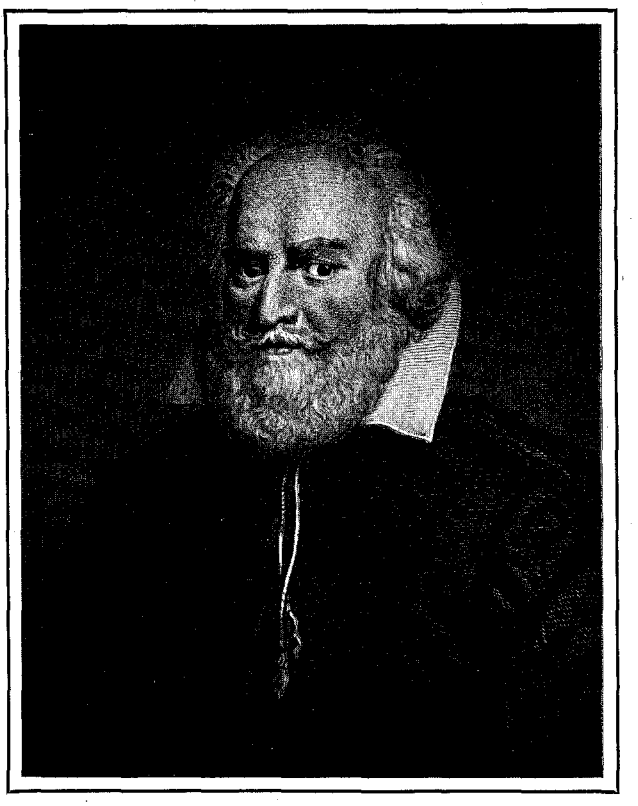
"Henry IV." is notable not only for the range and variety of types presented, but also for the freedom of manner which the poet permits himself. About half the first part is written in prose. Shakespeare was not alone among his contemporaries in breaking with the earlier tradition which imposed verse as the only form upon the drama; Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher used both prose and verse in the same drama; but Shakespeare alone showed equal mastery over both forms. His prose is as characteristic and as perfect as his verse; he turns indifferently from one to the other and is at ease with either. He makes the transition in many places for the sake of securing variety and heightening certain effects which he wishes to produce, as he often introduces humorous passages into the most tragic episodes.



GEORGE CHAPMAN

Drawn by J. Thurstan from a rare print prefixed to Chapman's translation of Homer.

Mr. Sill makes the interesting suggestion that, verse being the natural form of expression for emotion, Shakespeare instinctively turned to prose when he was presenting ideas detached from emotion, when he wished to be logical rather than moving, and practical or jocular rather than philosophical or serious; and, verse being essentially based on order and regularity, the poet turned to prose whenever he wished to give expression to frenzy or madness. There would have been essential incongruity in putting blank verse into the mouths of clowns, fools, drunkards, and madmen. These suggestions are of special interest when they are applied to "Hamlet."

In "Henry IV.," as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Taming of the Shrew," the references to Warwickshire are unmistakable; the dramatist was still too near his youth to have forgotten persons and localities known in his boyhood.

"Henry V.," drawn from the same sources, is a continuation of "Henry IV.," and presents in the splendid maturity of the king one of Shakespeare's great men of action; a type in which his own time was rich, and in the delineation of which, being himself a man of reflection and expression, the poet found infinite satisfaction. In this play the events of a reign are grouped for dramatic effectiveness, and war is dramatized on a great scale. The material is essentially epical, but the treatment is so vigorous that the play, while not dramatic in the deepest sense, has the dignity and interest of a drama. The introduction of the Chorus, in which the dramatist speaks in person, shows how deeply he had meditated on his art, and how deliberately he had rejected the conventional unities of time, place, and action for the sake of the higher and more inclusive unity of vital experience. No other play so nobly expresses the deepening of the national consciousness at the end of the sixteenth century, and the rising tide of national feeling. The play is a great national epic; and the secret of the expansion and authority of

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the English race is to be found in it. It was presented in the last year of the century, and probably in the Globe Theater, then recently opened.

"King Henry VIII." was written at least ten years later, and is distinctly inferior to the historical plays of the decade which closed with the production of "Henry V.," and is generally regarded as a piece of composite work, Fletcher probably completing that which Shakespeare had planned, but of which he had written only the first two acts.

The historical plays belong, as a whole, to Shakespeare's earliest period of productiveness; they keep the record of his apprenticeship; they find their place in the first stage of his development. This was due only in a subordinate way to accident; there was reason for it in the psychology of his art. The material for these plays was ready to his hand in the earlier chronicle plays in the libraries of the theaters, and in the records of Holinshed and Hall; and there was ample stimulus for their production in their popularity. But other and deeper sources of attraction are not far to seek. These plays mark the transition from the epic to the drama; from the story of events and persons as shaped by fate to the story of events and persons as they disclose the fashioning of character by action and the reaction of character on events, knitting men and actions together in a logical sequence and a dramatic order. The historical plays find their logical place in the order of development between the old plays dealing with historical subjects and the masterpieces of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; and in the unfolding of Shakespeare's art they hold the same middle place. These plays preserve the characteristics of the older plays and predict the fully developed drama; they do not reveal the full play of the poet's genius nor the perfect maturity of his art, although the plays which deal with Henry IV. and Henry V. reveal the full range of his interests and his gifts.

In these plays the young poet put himself in deepest touch with the life of his race, and, in bringing to clear consciousness the race spirit, brought out with the utmost distinctness the racial qualities of his own genius. He is pre-eminently the English poet, not only by virtue of his supremacy as an artist, but by virtue of the qualities of his mind; and these qualities were developed and thrown into striking relief by the historical plays. His greatest work was in other fields, but through no other work has he impressed himself so deeply on the imagination of the men of his own race. He vitalized a great section of English history, and has made it live before the eyes of nine generations; he set the figures of great Englishmen on so splendid a stage that they personify finally and for all time the characteristics of the English race; he so exalted liberty as represented by the English temper and institutions that, more than any statesman, he has made patriotism the deepest passion in the hearts of Englishmen. No other poet has stood so close to the English people or affected them so deeply; and from the days when the earliest popular applause welcomed "Henry VI." on the stage of The Theater, The Rose, and The Globe to these later times when Irving's Wolsey crowds the stalls of the Lyceum, Shakespeare has been the foremost teacher of English history. There are many who, if they were as frank as Chatham, would confess that they learned their history chiefly from him.

In these plays, moreover, the young poet trained himself to be a dramatist by dealing with men under historical conditions; with men in action. The essence of the drama as distinguished from other literary forms is action, and in the historical plays action is thrown into the most striking relief; sometimes at the sacrifice of the complete development of the actors. Before taking up the profoundest problems of individual destiny or entering into the world of pure ideality, Shakespeare studied well the world of actuality. On a narrower stage, but in a higher light, he dealt with the relation of the individual to the political order, and showed on a great scale the development of character in relation to practical ends. The depths of his spiritual insight and the heights of his art are to be found in the Tragedies; but the breadth, comprehensiveness, and full human sympathy of his genius are to be found in the historical plays; and in these plays, at the very beginning of his career, appeared that marvelous sanity which kept him poised in essential harmony between the divergent activities and aspects of life, gave him

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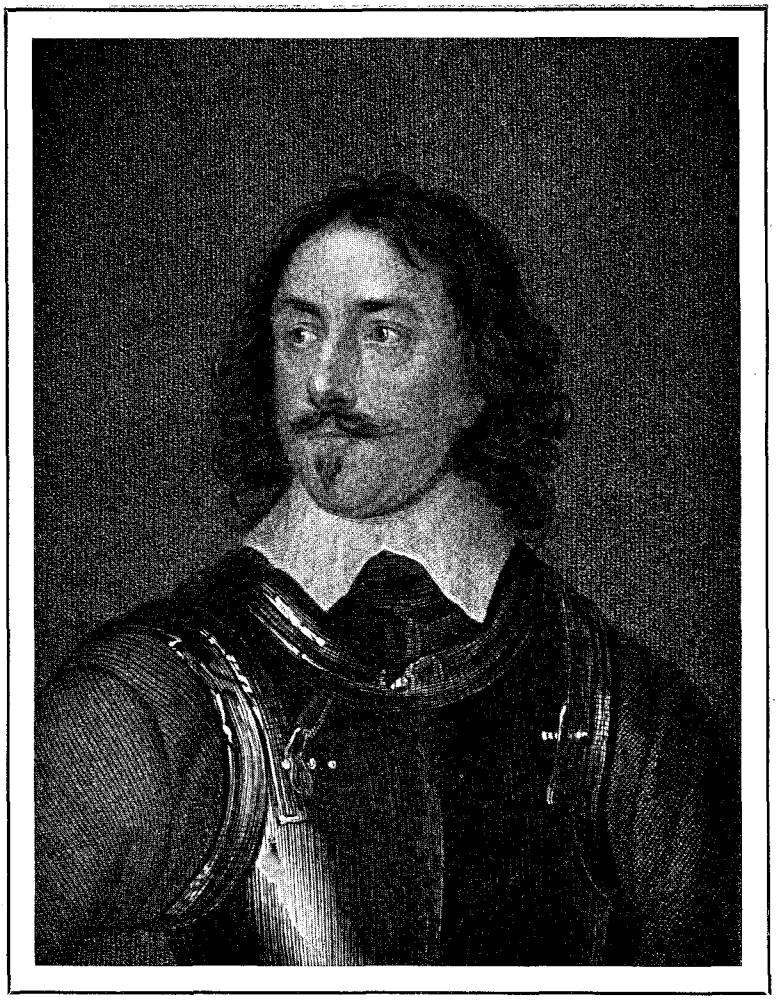

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX

From an engraving by T. Wright, after the original of Walker in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

clearness of vision and steadiness of will, and made him the master of the secrets of character and destiny. The play of the divine law, which binds the deed to the doer, and so moralizes experience and makes it significant, is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in these many-sided dramas, with their rich diversity of character and their wide range of action. Shakespeare is one of the greatest of ethical teachers, not by intention, but by virtue of the depth and clearness of his vision. The historical plays reveal the justice of God working itself out through historical events and in the lives of historical persons; with the constant perception that no man is wholly good or evil; that out of things evil good often flows; that sin turns often, through the penitence of humility and service, into blessedness; and that about the certain and evident play of the divine justice there is a mercy which is a constant mediation, and hints, at times, at a redemption as inclusive as humanity.

Schlegel has well said of the historical plays that they are "a mirror for kings." In no other literature is there so complete a portraiture of the grandeur of the kingly office and the uncertainty of the kingly character; the pathos of the contrast between the weak man and the great place is often searching to the verge of irony. Shakespeare never permits his kings to forget that they are men, and the splendor of their fortunes sometimes serves to bring into ruthless light the inadequacy of their natural gifts for the

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great responsibilities laid upon them. The trappings of royalty heighten the criminality of John and Richard III.; the eloquent sentimentality of Richard II. and the ineffective saintliness of Henry VI. are thrown into high relief by the background of royal position; the well-conceived and resolute policy of Henry IV. and the noble energy and decision of Henry V.—Shakespeare's typical king and the personification of the heroic, virile, executive qualities of the English nature—take on epical proportions from the vantage-ground of the throne.

The contrast between the man and the king sometimes deepens into tragedy when the desires and passions of the man are brought into collision with the duties of the king; for the king is always conceived as the incarnation of the State, the personification of society. His deed reacts, not only upon himself, but upon the community of which he is the head, and whose fortunes are inextricably bound up with his fortunes. In the plays dealing with historical subjects Shakespeare exhibits the divine order as that order is embodied in the State, and the tragedies which occupy the great stage of public life arise from the collision of the individual with the State, of the family with the State, and of the Church with the State. The political insight and wisdom shown in this comprehensive ethical grasp of the relation of the individual to society in institutional life are quite beyond the achievements of any statesman in the range of English history; for statecraft is everywhere, in the exposition of the dramatist, the application of universal principles of right and wise living to the affairs of State. Thus, on the great stage of history, Shakespeare, in the spirit of the poet and in the manner of the dramatist, dramatized the spirit of man working out its destiny under historic conditions.

The Comedies

During these prosperous five or six years Shakespeare's hand turned readily from history to comedy and from comedy to history; the exact order in which the plays of the period were written is unimportant so long as we are able

DR. JOHN HALL'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD

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THE GARDEN OF DR. JOHN HALL'S HOUSE

to identify the group as a whole. The rising tide of creative energy, his mounting fortunes, and the deep fascination of the spectacle of life evoked his humor and gave free play to the gayety of his nature and the buoyancy of a mind which played like lambent lightning over the whole surface of experience and knowledge. It is probable that he was at work on several plays at the same time; taking up history or comedy as it suited his mood, and giving himself the rest and refreshment which come from change of work. It is certain that some of the greater Tragedies were slowly shaping themselves in his imagination from the earliest working years. "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" had taken root in his mind while he was yet an unknown apprentice in his craft; during these fertile years the germinal ideas which were to take shape in the entire body of his work were clarifying themselves in his consciousness; while his hand was engaged with one subject his mind was dealing with many. He had already used the comedy form in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labor's Lost," and had made it clear to his contemporaries that he possessed the genius of comedy—that rare, penetrating, radiant, sane genius which was also the possession of Homer and Cervantes, and, later, of Molière and Goethe—the genius which not only looks into human experience deeply, but sees it broadly and in true perspective. It was Shakespeare's ease of mind, derived from the largeness and deep humaneness of his view, which kept him sane during the years when he was living in the heart of tragedy; and this ease of mind found expression in the comedy. The Shakespearean comedy is a comedy of life rather than of manners—a gay, sweet, high-spirited play with the weaknesses, follies, incongruities of men as these are projected against the great background of the spiritual kinship and destiny of humanity. There is no touch in Shakespeare of that scorn which is the mood of those lesser men who see the details of human character but not the totality of its experience. Shakespeare was equally at home with the tragic and comic elements in human nature, because both spring from the same root. In

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dealing with the tragic forces he is always superior to them; at their worst they are rigidly limited in their destructive force; he is not the victim of their apparent finality; he sees through and beyond them to the immovable order of the world, as one sees through the brief fury of the storm to the untouched sun and unmoved earth which are hidden for a moment by the cloud. In like manner and for the same reason he laughs with men, but is saved from the cheapness of the sneer and the hard blindness of scorn. In his wide, clear, dispassionate vision he sees the contrast between the greatness of man's fortunes and the occasional littleness of his aims, the incongruities of his occupations, the exaggerations and eccentricities of his manners. He is mirthful because he loves men; it is only those who love us who can really laugh at and with us, and it is only men of great heart who have the gift of humor on a great scale. For humor, Dr. Bushnell says, "is the soul reeking with its own moisture, laughing because it is full of laughter, as ready to weep as to laugh; for the copious shower it holds is good for either. And then, when it has set the tree a-dripping,

"And hung a pearl in every cowslip's ear,

the pure sun shining after will reveal no color of intention in the sparkling drop, but will leave you doubting still whether it be a drop let fall by laughter or a tear."

Later in life, for a brief period, Shakespeare's laughter lost its ring of tenderness, its overflowing kindness; but his vision became clear again, and, although the spirit of mirth never regained its ascendency, the old sweetness returned. "Shakespeare is a well-spring of characters which are saturated with the comic spirit," writes George Meredith; "with more of what we will call blood-life than is to be found anywhere out of Shakespeare; and they are of this world, but they are of the world enlarged to our embrace by imagination, and by great poetic imagination. They are, as it were—I put it to suit my present comparison—creatures of the woods and wilds, not in walled towns, not grouped and toned to pursue a comic exhibition of the narrower world of society. Jaques, Falstaff and his regiment, the varied troop of Clowns, Malvolio, Sir Hugh Evans and Fluellen—marvelous Welshmen!—Benedict and Beatrice, Dogberry and the rest, are subjects of a special study in the poetically comic."

In "The Merchant of Venice" the poet finally emancipated himself from the influence of Marlowe, and struck his own note with perfect distinctness. There is a suggestion of the "Jew of Malta" in Shylock, but the tragic figure about whom the play moves bears on every feature the stamp of Shakespeare's humanizing spirit. The embodiment of his race and the product of centuries of cruel exclusion from the larger opportunities of life, Shylock appeals to us the more deeply because he makes us feel our kinship with him. Marlowe's Jew is a monster; Shakespeare's Jew is a man misshapen by the hands of those who feed his avarice.

The comedy was produced about 1596; it was entered in the Stationers' Register two years later; and was twice published in 1600. The dramatist drew freely upon several sources. There are evidences of the existence of an earlier play; the two stories of the bond, with its penalty of a pound of flesh, and of the three caskets were already known in English literature, and had been interwoven to form a single plot. A collection of Italian novels of the fourteenth century and the well-known "Gesta Romanorum" contributed to the drama as it left Shakespeare's hands. As a play, it has obvious defects; the story is highly improbable, and, as in at least three other plays, the plot involves bad law; for the poet, although sharing the familiarity of the dramatists generally with legal terms and phrases, shows that his knowledge was second-hand, or acquired for the occasion, by his misuse of well-known words of legal import. In invention in the matter of plots and situations Shakespeare was inferior to several of his contemporaries; and he was content, therefore, to take such material as came to his hand with as much freedom as did Molière. In this case, as in every other, he at once put his private mark on the general property and made it his own. He purified the material, he put a third of the play into prose, and he imparted to the verse a beauty, a vigor, and a freedom from mannerisms which separate it at once from work of the apprentice period. He freely and boldly harmonized the tragic and comic elements; in Portia he

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created the first of those enchanting women for whom no adjective has yet been found save the word Shakespearean, for they are a group by themselves; and he set on the stage the first of his great tragic figures. In 1596 the Jew was contemptible in the mind of western Europe; he was the personification of greed and subtlety, and he was under suspicion of deeds of fiendish cruelty. He was robbed upon the slightest pretext, stoned on the streets, and jeered at on the stage. His sufferings were food for mirth. In 1594, a Jew, who was acting as physician to the Queen, had been accused of attempting to poison Elizabeth, and had been hanged at Tyburn, and popular hate against the race was at fever-heat when Shakespeare put on the stage the Jew who has since been accepted as typical of his race. It is not probable that the dramatist definitely undertook to modify the popular conception of the Jew; his attention may have been directed to the dramatic possibilities of the character by the trial and execution of Dr. Lopez; and when he dealt with the material at hand, he recast it in the light of his marvelous imagination, and humanized the central figure. Shylock was a new type, and he was not understood at first. For many years the part was played in a spirit of broad and boisterous farce, and the audiences jeered at the lonely and tragic figure. At every point in "The Merchant of Venice" the poet shows clearer insight than in his earlier work, deeper wisdom, greater freedom in the use of his material, and fuller command of his art.

SEAL OF THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE

Shakespeare had an older play before him when he wrote "The Taming of the Shrew," and he followed its main lines of story so closely that the play as we now have it is an adaptation rather than an original work. That the dramatist was thinking of the theater and not of the public or of posterity is shown by the readiness with which he passed from the noblest creative work to the work of revision and adaptation. The earlier play gave him the idea of the Induction and the characteristic passages between Petruchio and Catharine, but was an inferior piece of work, full of rant, bathos, and obvious imitation of Marlowe; the plot was followed, but the construction and style are new; the story of Bianca and her lovers was worked in as a subsidiary plot, and, although the play sometimes passes over into the region of farce, it is charged with the comedy spirit.

This comedy carries the reader back to the poet's youth, to Stratford and to Warwickshire. It is rich in local allusions, as are also "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the second part of "Henry IV." There is no reason to doubt that Shakespeare's intercourse with Stratford was unbroken through these earlier years, though the difficulties and expense of travel may have prevented frequent visits. Now that prosperity and reputation were bringing him ease and means, his relations with his old home became more intimate and active. There are many evidences of his interest in Stratford and in his father's affairs, and it is evident that the son shared his rising fortunes with his father. The latter had known all the penalties of business failure; he was often before the local courts as a debtor. He seems to have had a fondness for litigation, which was shared by his son. In the dramatist's time the knowledge of legal phrases among intelligent men outside the legal profession was much more general than it has been at any later time, but there is reason to believe that Shakespeare knew many legal processes at first hand. He bought and sold land, brought various actions for the recovery of debts, filed bills in chancery, made leases, and was engaged in a number of litigations.

In 1596, after an absence of ten years from Stratford, the poet reappears in his native place as a purchaser of valuable lands and a rebuilder of his father's

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shattered fortunes. In that year his only son, Hamnet, a boy of eleven, died and was buried in Holy Trinity Churchyard. In the same year John Shakespeare made application to the College of Heralds for the privilege of using a coat of arms. The claim was based on certain services which the ancestors of the claimant were declared to have rendered "the most prudent prince King Henry the Seventh of famous memorie." The ancestral distinction put forward on behalf of John Shakespeare was not more apocryphal than the services set forth in many similar romances formally presented to the College of Arms as records of fact. The statement that the applicant's wife, Mary, heiress of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote, was the daughter of a gentleman was sober history. The application was granted three years later, and the Garter King of Arms assigned to John Shakespeare a shield: "gold, on a bend sable, a spear of the first, and for his crest or cognizance a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear gold steeled as aforesaid." The motto, "Non Sans Droict," appears in a sketch or draft of the crest. Two years later the dramatist was styled "gentleman" in a legal document.

This effort to rehabilitate his father was followed, a year later, by the purchase of New Place—a conspicuous property at the northeast corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, opposite the Guild Chapel, in Stratford, upon which stood what was probably the largest house in the town. This substantial house, built of timber and brick by Sir Hugh Clopton in the previous century, had probably been long neglected, and was fast going to decay.

No clear account of the appearance of the house has been preserved; but enough remains to show its considerable size and substantial structure. The walls of the larger rooms and probably the ceilings were covered with sunken panels of oak, some of which have been preserved. Nothing else now remains of the building save a few timbers which projected into the adjoining house, now used as a residence for the custodian of the Shakespeare properties, a fragment of the north wall, the well, pieces of the foundation, which are guarded by screens, the lintel, and an armorial stone.

Shakespeare restored New Place, and enlarged its grounds by considerable purchases of land. At his death it passed into the possession of his daughter, Susannah, the wife of Dr. John Hall, and in July, 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria was entertained for three days under its roof. Upon the death of Mrs. Hall, six years later, New Place became the property of her only child, Elizabeth, at that time the wife of Thomas Nashe, later the wife of Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon. Lady Barnard was the last of Shakespeare's direct descendants.

At a later period the property came once more into the hands of the Clopton family, and was subsequently sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, a vicar in Cheshire, who appears to have been a person of considerable fortune, dull perception, and irritable temper. He resented the interest which visitors were beginning to show in the place; in order to break up the growing habit of sitting under the mulberry-tree, which was intimately associated with the dramatist, he cut the tree to the ground in 1756. This attitude towards the one great tradition of the town brought the owner of New Place into a disfavor with his fellow-townsmen which took on aggressive forms. The Stratford officials charged with the laying and collection of taxes made use of their power to secure the uttermost farthing from Mr. Gastrell, and that gentleman, in order to relieve himself of further taxes, pulled down the house, sold the materials, and left Stratford amid execrations which have been echoed in every succeeding generation. The house adjoining New Place was the property of one of the poet's friends, and now serves as a residence for the custodian and as a museum of Shakespearean relics. The adjoining house was the home of Shakespeare's friend, Julius Shaw, who was one of the witnesses to his will, and, after various changes, is still standing. New Place is to-day a green and fragrant garden; the fragments of the original foundation are enfolded in a lawn of velvet-like texture; the mulberry-tree has survived the vandalism of a hundred and fifty years ago; behind the old site there is a small but perfectly kept park where many flowers of Shakespearean association may be found, where the air seems always fragrant and the place touched with abiding peace. The tower of Guild Chapel rises close at

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hand; in the near distance is the spire of Holy Trinity; the Avon is almost within sight; the earlier and the later associations of Shakespeare's life cluster about the place which he saw every day as a school-boy, to which he returned in his prime, where he gathered his friends about him, and where he found reconciliation and, at last, peace.

The purchase and restoration of New Place made Shakespeare a man of consequence among neighbors who could understand the value of property, however they might miss the significance of literature. In a letter, still extant, dated October 25, 1598, Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas subsequently married Judith Shakespeare, appealed to the poet for a loan; and there are other evidences that he was regarded as a man whose income afforded a margin beyond his own needs.

The poet's acquaintance with country life in its humblest forms; with rural speech, customs, and festivals; with sports and games; with village taverns and their frequenters, was so intimate and extensive that he used it with unconscious freedom and ease. No other contemporary dramatist shows the same familiarity with manners, habits, and people; an intimacy which must have been formed by a boy who made his first acquaintance with life in Warwickshire. These reminiscences of boyhood, reinforced by the later and deliberate attention of a trained observer, continually crop out in many of the plays, as the formations of an earlier geologic period often show themselves through the structure of a later period.

The fertility of resource which gives the two parts of "Henry IV." such overflowing vitality made the writing of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" inevitable. It was quite impossible for the dramatist to leave a character so rich in the elements of comedy as Falstaff without further development under wholly different conditions. In the Epilogue to "Henry IV." the dramatist promised to "continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France;" but "Henry V." contained no reference to the old knight save the brief but inimitable account of his death. Almost a century after the death of the Queen three writers reported almost simultaneously the tradition, apparently current at the time and probably of long standing, that Elizabeth was so delighted with the humor of Falstaff in "Henry IV." that she commanded Shakespeare to continue the story and show Falstaff in love. "I knew very well," wrote Dennis, by way of introducing an adaptation of the play in 1702, "that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world. . . . This comedy was written at her command and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days." Seven years later Rowe added the further information that "she was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of 'Henry IV.' that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." The tradition apparently had been long accepted, and there are intrinsic evidences which make it credible. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is the kind of play which such a command would have secured. It is a comedy which continually runs into broad farce; there is no touch of pathos in it; it deals with contemporaneous middle-class people, in whom the dramatist shows very little interest; it is laid in Windsor, and contains references to the castle which must have been very acceptable to the Queen. The ground was evidently familiar to the dramatist, and there are references of a realistic character, not only to Windsor, but to Stratford. Moreover, the play, although admirable in construction, is below the level of Shakespeare's work of this period in intellectual quality, and lacks those inimitable touches of humor and poetry which are the ineffaceable marks of his genius when it is working freely and spontaneously.

The play owes little in the way of direct contribution to earlier sources, though various incidents used in it are to be found in Italian and other stories. It was probably written about 1599, and the Queen, according to tradition, was "very well pleased with the representation." The plot is essentially Italian; the introduction of the fairies was a revival of the masque; but the atmosphere of the play is entirely English; it reflects the hearty, healthy, bluff spirit and manner of middle-class life in an English village. It is the only play dealing with the English life of his

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own time which Shakespeare wrote, and it undoubtedly reproduces conditions, manners, and habits which he had known at first hand in Stratford. Falstaff shows a great decline in spontaneity, freshness, and humor; he has become gross, heavy, and dull; he easily falls a victim to very obvious devices against his dignity; he has sunk so low that he has become the butt of practical jokers. It is probable that this particular development of Falstaff was suggested to Shakespeare by Elizabeth rather than forced upon him by the expansive force of the character. As a whole, the play shows breadth of characterization and genuine humor; while Windsor and the country about it are sketched with unusual fidelity to detail, but with characteristic freshness of feeling for fields and woods.

This homely comedy of middle-class English country life, with its boisterous fun, its broad humor, and its realistic descriptive passages, was probably written not long before "Much Ado About Nothing," but the two plays present the most striking contrasts of method and manner. The Italian play is in an entirely different key; it is brilliant, spirited, charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit; it is a masterpiece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type, and of intellectual energy, playing freely and buoyantly against a background of exquisite beauty. The dramatist was now completely emancipated from his earlier teachers, and had secured entire command of his own genius and of the resources of comedy as a literary form. In this splendid creation of his happiest mood in his most fortunate years the prophecy of sustained and flashing interchange of wit in Lyly's court plays is amply fulfilled, and the promise of individual power of characterization clearly discerned in Biron and Rosaline is perfectly realized in Benedict and Beatrice; while Dogberry and Verges mark the perfection of Shakespeare's skill in drawing blundering clowns. In this play the blending of the tragic and humorous or comic is so happily accomplished that the two contrasting elements flow together in a vital and exquisite harmony of experience, full of tenderness, loyalty, audacity, and brilliancy; the most comprehensive contrast of character is secured in Hero and Claudio, Benedict and Beatrice, as chief actors in the drama, with Dogberry and Verges as centers of interest in the minor or subsidiary plot. Hazlitt declares with reference to this play that perhaps "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Shakespeare drew with a free hand the large and rather coarse qualities of English middle-class life; in "Much Ado About Nothing" he presented a study of life in the highest stage of the social order, touched at all points with distinction of insight, characterization, and taste. The gayety and brilliancy of the great world as contrasted with the little world of rural and provincial society are expressed with a confidence and consistency which indicate that the poet must have known something of the court circle and of the accomplished women who moved in it.

Written probably about 1599, and drawing apparently for some features of the plot and comic incidents upon the inexhaustible Bandello and upon one of the greatest works of Italian genius, the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, "Much Ado About Nothing" marks the highest point of Shakespeare's creative activity in comedy, and perhaps the most brilliant and prosperous hour in this prolific and fortunate period of his life.

In the same year Shakespeare created his masterpiece of poetic pastoral drama, "As You Like It." He was still in the sunlight, but the shadows were approaching; his mood was still gay and his spirits buoyant, but the one was touched with premonitions of sadness and the other tempered by a deepening sense of the complexity of life and its mystery of good and evil. In the form and background of the play he was in touch with the love of pastoral life shared by many of the poets of his time; by Lodge and Greene, by Spenser and Sidney. The Arcadia of literature was in his imagination, but the deep shadows and wide spaces of the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire were before his eye; he knew the affected passion for flowering meads and gentle shepherds which were the stock-in-trade of

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many contemporaries, but he also felt that fresh and unforced delight in nature which brings him in touch with the modern poets. He knew how to use the conventional poetic speech about nature, but he saw nature with his own eyes as clearly as Burns and Wordsworth saw her two centuries later. The plot of "As You Like It" was probably taken from Lodge's "Rosalynde; or Euphues' Golden Legacy," an old-fashioned, artificial, pastoral romance, full of affectations and unrealities, based upon the much older "Tale of Gamelon," which appeared in the fourteenth century and was handed down in several manuscripts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and was probably intended for use in a tale which the poet left unwritten. This old story belongs to the cycle of the Robin Hood ballads; and Shakespeare had this origin of the story in mind when he wrote: "They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England."

The woodland world of Arden, in which sonnets are affixed to ancient trees, and lovers, courtiers, and moralists live at ease, has much in common with the pastoral backgrounds of Spenser and Lodge; but its artificiality is redeemed by its freshness of spirit, its out-of-door freedom, and its enchanting society. Rosalind and Orlando are the successors of a long line of pastoral lovers, but they, alone among their kind, really live. In Rosalind purity, passion, and freedom are harmonized in one of the most enchanting women in literature. In her speech love finds a new language, which is continually saved from extravagance by its vivacity and humor. In Audrey and Corin the passion of Orlando and Rosalind is gently parodied; in Touchstone the melancholy humor of Jacques is set out in more effective relief. There are threatenings of tragedy in the beginning of the play, but they are dissolved in an air in which purity and truth and health serve to resolve the baser designs of men into harmless fantasies. In Jaques, however, there appears for the first time the student of his kind who has pierced the illusions of place and power and passion, and touched the underlying contradiction between the greatness of man's desires and the uncertainty and inadequacy of his achievements. This sadness is touched with a not unkindly irony; for Shakespeare's vision was so wide that he was rarely able to look at life from a single point; its magnitude, its complexity, the rigor of its law, and at the same time the apparent caprice with which its diverse fortunes were bestowed, were always within his view. At the best, we seem to hear him say in this mood:

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players.

Jacques must not be taken too seriously, but there are hints of Hamlet's mood in his brooding meditation; and through the whole play there is a vein of sadness which, mingled with its gayety and poetic loveliness, gives it a deep and searching beauty.

In the Christmas season of 1601 "Twelfth Night" was presented in the noble hall of the Middle Temple. "At our feast," writes John Manningham, a member, in his diary, "we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.' Much like the 'Comedy of Errors' or 'Menæchmi' in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise making him believe they took him to be mad." This charming comedy, so characteristic of Shakespeare's genius at play, was probably acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, the company with which Shakespeare was associated, before the Court in the old palace at Whitehall during the same season.

The ultimate source of the play was probably Bandello's "Novelle," though the Italian plays to which Manningham refers (there were several plays with the title Inganni) may have furnished incidents; but Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, and, above all, Viola, as they live in the comedy are Shakespearean to the heart. The framework of the play is essentially serious, a beautiful vein of poetic feeling runs through it, and, intermingled with these, the most unforced and uproarious fun. In inventiveness in the comic type and in freedom in handling it, as well as in grouping of

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diverse materials and fusing them into a harmonious and captivating whole, this comedy was never surpassed by the dramatist. He parted with the muse of comedy at the very moment when he had mastered the art of touching the weaknesses, follies, and minor sins of men with a touch which was keen with the wisdom of a great knowledge of the world, and gentle with the kindness of one who loved his kind for what they had lost rather than for what they had won.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Book for All Readers, A. By Ainsworth R. Spofford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8½×5½ in. 509 pages. $2.

Mr. Spofford's long experience as Librarian of Congress and his intimate knowledge of books and libraries make him just the right man to prepare such a work as this. There are chapters on book-buying, rare books, the choice of books, cataloguing, copyright, library uses, librarians' qualifications, and perhaps a dozen other cognate subjects. For all who are interested in reading, in the care of books, and in library management, the volume is full of practical suggestion, and it contains also not a little intelligent literary comment and criticism.

Crisis in China, The. By E. B. Smyth, Gilbert Reid, John Barrett, A. R. Colquhoun, Lord Charles Beresford, Wu-Ting-Fang, and Others. Harper & Brothers, New York. 7½×5 in. 271 pages. $1.

These papers originally appeared in the "North American Review." They touch many aspects of the present Chinese problem with general astuteness and with abundant information, as will be judged from the partial list of the authors' names given above. The concluding paper, by Sir Charles Dilke, deals with the American policy in China, and urges us to join in the complete opening of the Chinese rivers to the trade of the world.

Essays of Seneca. I. Tranquillity of Mind. II. Providence. Translated by William Bell Langsdorf. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×4 in. 141 pages. $1.

This little volume of moral philosophy from a Stoic contemporary of St. Paul is a good second to the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic emperor, perhaps a better-known favorite of modern ethical thinkers. The translation is excellently done. Seneca is less praiseworthy than Marcus Aurelius, by as much as his conduct was less in accord with his convictions, but at this distance that does not so seriously detract from the effect of his teaching. These discourses of Seneca nobly exhibit the grounds of inward peace and content which a pagan sage found in practical philosophy amidst evils which he could neither correct nor avert.

Facts and Fancy. By T. M. Price. John A. Ulrich, Chicago. 5×7½ in. 181 pages. 50c.

There is fancy enough in this book, but where are the facts? A minister in his study has a dream, in which are given to him a vision and interpretation of the creation and fall of man, as related in Genesis. This is a fair opportunity for poetic or literary genius, but the author does not rise above the level of many such an utterance as this: "'Thou,' says Adam to Chavah [Eve], 'art the mother of all having the tendency of the spirit, and the tendency of the completed body, having the dualism of contradiction.'"

Graded Literature Readers: Fourth Book. Edited by Harry P. Judson, LL.D., and Ida C. Bender. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 262 pages. 7½×5 in. 50c.

History of Political Parties in the United States. By James H. Hopkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 9×6 in. 477 pages. $2.50.

This volume tells the history of political parties in the United States succinctly without compressing the spirit out of the narrative, and judicially, without disguising the author's strongly Democratic sympathies. The appendix giving all the National political platforms since the first was promulgated in 1840 is valuable for purposes of reference.

Husband and Wife. By Lyman Beecher Sperry, A.M., M.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 238 pages. $1.

Jeffersonian Cyclopædia: A Comprehensive Collection of the Views of Thomas Jefferson, Classified and Arranged in Alphabetical Order. Edited by John P. Forey. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. 10×7 in. 1,009 pages. $7.50.

This volume makes instantly accessible the opinions of America's greatest political thinker. Just as the genius of Washington, which was essentially military and executive, enabled him to lay the foundation of our new Republic on what had been wrought by popular government in the generations preceding, so the genius of Jefferson, which was essentially that of a philosopher and seer, enabled him to anticipate and guide the work of succeeding generations in building upon those foundations. No statesman of the Revolutionary epoch so profoundly influences public thought to-day, because none had greater intellectual ability, and none had equal faith in and love for the supremacy of the common manhood of the country in directing how the common weal should be secured. As this has been and remains the dominant ideal in the

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shaping of our political development, its first great champion continues to sway popular thought and feeling as does no other of his contemporaries, and no one except Lincoln among his successors. The present volume, collecting and classifying his opinions with great care and judgment, is likely to serve as an inexhaustible arsenal for political combatants, not only in the present but in future political campaigns. Both parties will make use of it, for the sayings of Jefferson, like Proverbs, can be tellingly quoted on both sides of nearly every question. In the present campaign, for example, when discussing the money question, Republicans can quote Jefferson's insistence on the acceptance of the market ratio between gold and silver, while Democrats can quote his hostility to bank-notes and the guidance of the banking interests; and similarly, when discussing the Philippine problem, Democrats can quote his hostility to militarism, while Republicans can quote his belief that the people of Louisiana were at the outset unfit for popular self-government.

Japan: The Country, Court, and People. By J. C. Calhoun Newton. Methodist Episcopal Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. 8×5½ in. 432 pages.

The "Japan Mail" (Yokohama) has said of this book that "on the whole it offers the best opportunity yet provided for obtaining succinct understanding of everything relating to Japan." The important interests and peculiar grounds for friendship which connect us with the Japanese make such books desirable for that enlightened intercourse which depends on adequate knowledge of the past and present of their country. Our past dealings with them are set in a light which promises permanent good will, and the contrast between New and Old Japan, brought about by intercourse with Christian nations, is presented as the ground of an optimistic forecast.

Joel Dorman Steele. By Mrs. George Archibald. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. $1.

This memoir of Professor Steele reveals the attractive personality of a teacher known by name to the great number whom he has instructed by his popular treatises on the sciences and history. In Elmira, where he resigned the charge of the Free Academy for the tasks of book-making, his name is perpetuated in the Steele Memorial Library, and in Syracuse University by a professorship of Theistic Science founded by his bequest. Few have done as much as he for secondary education, and his biography well deserves a place in the series of the lives of distinguished American teachers.

L'Évangile du Sang. Par Paul-Hyacinthe Loyson. Épisode dramatique tiré des présentes guerres anglo-saxonnes. Ch. Eggimann & Cie., Éditeurs. Geneva, 1900.

Years ago Père Hyacinthe was one of the greatest orators of the Roman Catholic Church, and filled the great cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris to overflowing whenever he preached there. Despite papal thunders, he believed that priests should marry, if they were so inclined. To the amazement of the Catholic Church in general and of Parisian clergy in particular, he obstinately held to his opinions. He married and was excommunicated. His signal power and eloquence were quickly missed from the orthodox ranks, and overtures were made to him many times to return, his former co-workers declaring that, if he would but repudiate his wife, he would not only be reinstated but advanced to exalted position. It is needless to say that Père Hyacinthe has as steadily refused these offers, and that his marriage has been a happy one. His one son Paul is now blossoming out into a poet and writer, as is evidenced by "Les Deux Coupés," "Magor," and the poem which is now being noticed. It is especially interesting to Americans that M. Loyson has taken for the subject-matter of the "Évangile du Sang" a period of contemporary history so important to Americans. His poetic drama is presented with much color and spirit. It is worthy of attention everywhere, and it will add to the young author's already notable reputation.

Minister Himself, The. By the Rev. Charles Sheard. F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio. 4¾×7½ in. 260 pages.

This is a good, earnest, all-round book of practical counsels by a minister of wide experience for the benefit of his brethren who have an experience to acquire. There is hardly a situation, an opportunity, or a temptation for which it does not give some pertinent and helpful advice. One would infer, indeed, from some dissuasions which it offers, that there are some queer specimens of human nature under clerical robes. The chapter on "Civic Duties and their Observance" is specially to be commended as a tract for the times. But we can by no means approve of the preference expressed for King James's version rather than the Revised as the Bible for daily use. The proof-reading should have been better done.

Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville): A Memoir, 1700–1788. Compiled by George Paston. With Seven Portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Mrs. Delany's "Autobiography and Correspondence" was published in 1861–2 in six octavo volumes. It was promptly recognized as one of the most important contributions yet made to the knowledge of social life in England in the time of George II. This voluminous work, with the consent of the present holders of the correspondence and original documents, has now been condensed into a single volume of moderate compass which preserves the thread of the narrative and presents the more important matter. The book is as delightful as a novel, and possesses permanent value as a record of English social life.

Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton. Volume XV., Stories II. Volume XVI., Stories III. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 342 and 329 pages. 8½×6 in.

These volumes are devoted to Mr. Stockton's short stories, which in this edition fill three volumes.

Richelieu and the Growth of French Power. By James B. Perkins, L.L.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8×5½ in. 359 pages. $1.50.

The author is well known to students of French history from his "France under Mazarin"

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and other books. He has drawn his material for the present work from original sources, and in every way this book is first hand and thorough. It is, moreover, a readable and often dramatic narrative of events, a close study of a critical period of French history, and an impartial analysis of the character and powers of the brilliant and implacable Cardinal who left such an impress of molding strength on France, and so mightily affected all Europe. Mr. Perkins's "Richelieu" will at once take its place as one of the very best of an almost uniformly excellent series.

Second Lady Delcombe, The. By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 328 pages. 50c.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Edited by George T. D. Odell, Ph.D. (Longmans's English Classics.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 7½×5 in. 161 pages.

Study of the Greek Pæan, A. By Arthur Fairbanks, Ph.D. (Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, No. XII.) Published for the University by The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 166 pages. $1.

To an English Sparrow. By William S. Lord. Published by the Author, Evanston, Ill. 5½×8 in. 10 pages.

Trusts: What Can We Do with Them? What Can They Do for Us? By William M. Collyer. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. 7½×5 in. 338 pages. $1.25.

This volume is an exceptionally able defense of trusts. The author puts effectively innumerable illustrations of the wastes incident to competition, and keeps in the background the economies incident thereto. He boldly takes the position that "the mother of trusts" is not the tariff, as Mr. Havemeyer said, nor the desire of producers for higher prices, as most men believe, but "the demand for cheap production." In defense of this proposition he urges the economy of production on a large scale; but he does not make clear why the demand for cheap production leads great concerns to enter combinations which promise extravagant dividends to small competitors if they too will enter. In short, this book, though well written, is to be read as the plea of an attorney rather than the opinion of a judge.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

Can you tell me anything of a body of Christians calling themselves "The Catholic and Apostolic Church"? They flourish in Europe, and the burden of their teaching is the coming of Christ, which I think they believe to be imminent. Their service, I am told, is ornate and very impressive. They differ from the Millerites and Second Adventists. Are there any in this country? When and where did they originate? J. E. C.

The Catholic Apostolic Church, nicknamed "Irvingites" from its acceptance of the teachings of Edward Irving, a Scotch clergyman, has flourished chiefly in Great Britain, where it originated in the early part of this century. There have been a few congregations in this country, but it appears to be in a decline even in its native land. Prominent among its doctrines, besides the Advent, is that of a revival of the primitive gifts of the Spirit, especially the gift of tongues and the gift of healing.

Will you kindly publish in an early number the names and prices of a few of the best magazines for circulation in a Mothers' Club? *

Your club will find useful, "Art Education," J. C. Witter Company, 123 Fifth Avenue, New York; "Good Housekeeping," Springfield, Mass.; "The American Kitchen Garden," published by the Home Science Publishing Company, 488 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; "Harper's Bazar," New York; "Bird Lore," Harrisburg, Pa.; "Kindergarten Magazine," The Temple, Chicago; "Child-Garden," 9333 Prospect Avenue, Chicago; "Child-Study Monthly," Auditorium Building, Chicago; "Education," 50 Bromfield Street, Boston; "Domestic Science Monthly," Oakland, Cal.; "The Chautauquan," Cleveland, Ohio; "Health Culture," 503 Fifth Avenue, New York; "Trained Motherhood," 13 Park Row, New York; "St. Nicholas," New York.

Please suggest the two best critical commentaries on each of the four Gospels (English). McD.

The "International Critical Commentary" is far the best. Two volumes on the Gospels have already appeared, viz., Mark and Luke, and the others are soon to follow (Scribners). Decidedly good is the much briefer work of Professor Cary's "The Synoptic Gospels" in the series of New Testament Handbooks (Putnams).

I am expecting to give my young people a series of Sunday evening talks next winter on the subject, Legendary tradition of the creation, flood, and prehistoric times generally. Can you recommend a good work to me covering this topic? Give publisher and price of same. W. B. S.

See Ryle's "Early Narratives in Genesis" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1); Morris's "Man and His Ancestor" (the same, $1.50); also Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis" (Scribners, $3), and Clay's "Man, Past and Present" in the Cambridge (Eng.) Scientific Series (Macmillan, $3).

Can you tell me when and by whom the system of dating was established as changed to *before* and *after* Christ, or B.C. and A.D.? J. M.

A Roman abbot, Dionysius the Little, introduced into Italy in the sixth century the system of dating from the year of the birth of Christ. Old English charters show that it was used in England before the close of the eighth century. The article on Chronology in the Encyclopædia Britannica gives accounts of the methods of reckoning time employed by different peoples.

Kindly inform me whether there is a book published on Protestant missions among the American Indians during the eighteenth century. If there is not any single book, where could I obtain information on that subject? J. W.

"The Life and Times of David Zeisberger," a Moravian missionary in Pennsylvania, and "Samson Occom and the Christian Indians of New England" (Pilgrim Press, Boston). Occom was a distinguished Indian convert and preacher in New England.

Can any reader tell me where I can find a full account of the case of Edgar Mortara, the Jewish child who, about 1858, was taken by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church from his parents, on the plea that he belonged to that Church inasmuch as he had been baptized, although it was, I think, by his nurse? ANTIQUARIAN.

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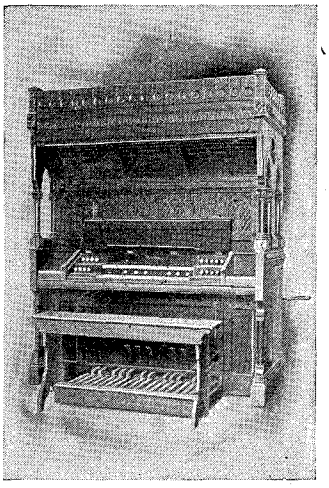

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Real Estate	1,735,675 36
United States Bonds (market value)	1,971,000 00
State and City Bonds (market value)	748,892 49
Bank and Railroad and Gas and Water Stocks and Bonds (market value)	6,323,327 50
Trust Co. Stocks (market value)	99,000 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	169,150 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	242,325 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	695,448 78
Interest due and accrued on 1st July, 1900	48,228 21
	$12,882,086 07

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,419,734 00
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Net Surplus	4,797,816 54
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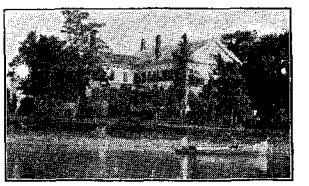

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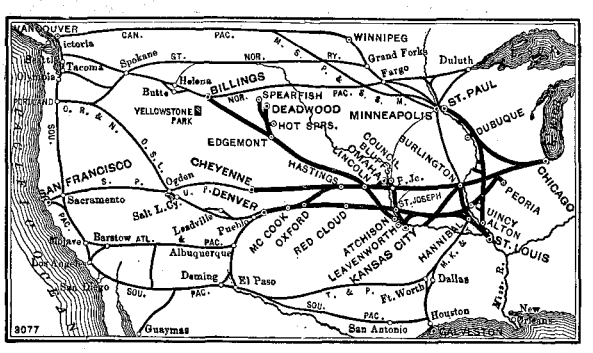

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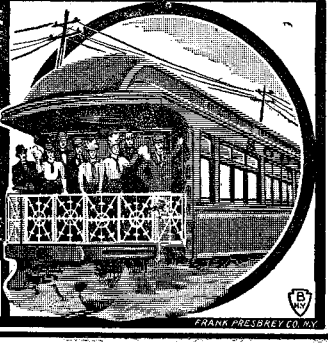

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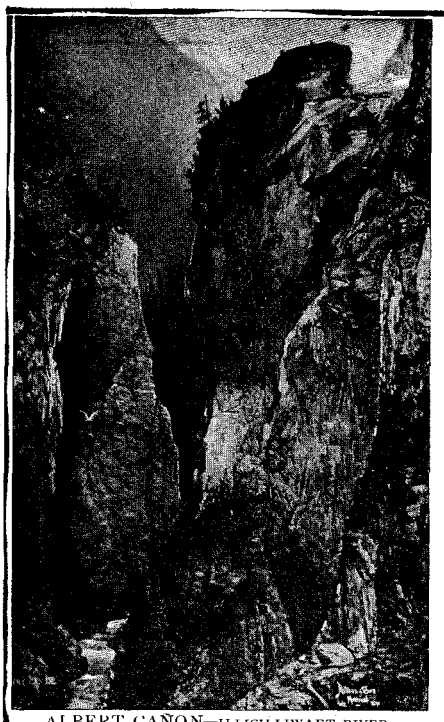

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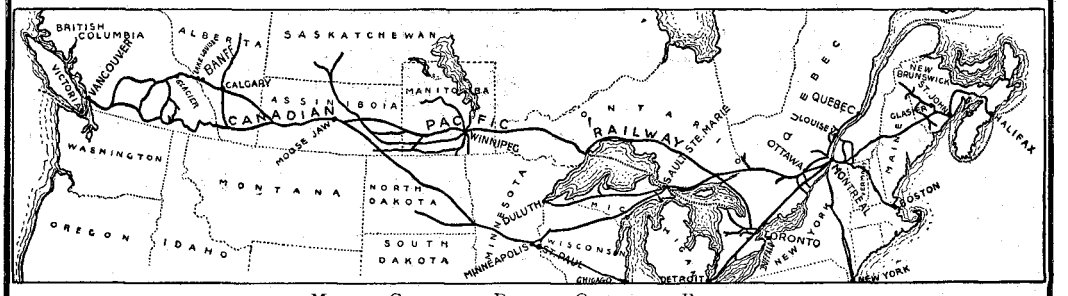

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